

# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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HOLINESS



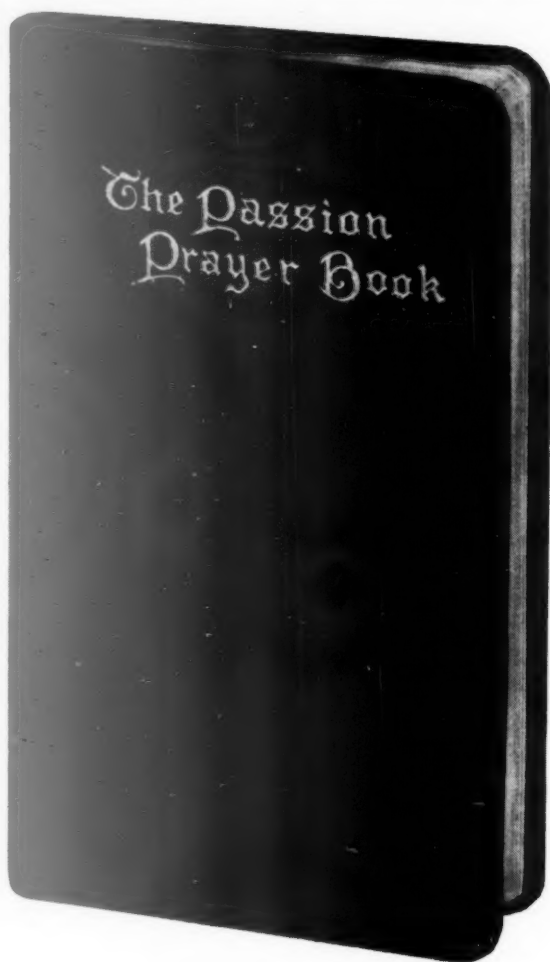
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# THE SIGN

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# THE



# SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



## Pope Pius XI

**POPE PIUS XI** rests at last. Wearied and worn by the burden he bore so long, the valiant Pontiff has gone to Christ, Whom he represented on this earth. Men of all creeds and classes have saluted the memory of one to whom the whole world is a debtor.

He has well been called the Pope of Peace, the Pope of the Missions, the Pope of the Press, the Pope of the Laboring Classes. But none of the sincerely eloquent tributes paid him can do him more honor than the record of his life. As his history is his best eulogy, so his most lasting monument will be the good he has done and has inspired.

Because he spoke with sureness and fearlessness on the principles which should mould men and nations, his influence reached far beyond the vast numbers who, as Catholics, were his acknowledged children. Keen and vigilant in sensing the trends of the times, he repeatedly cut through confusing issues to expose the causes of evil. In defending the rights of the Church and the liberties of all men he found himself at times the target of abuse and hatred.

His heart was saddened as he looked out on a world where social injustice, international bitterness, racial prejudices and wars were bringing misery and suffering to so many. He strove to promote understanding, patience, charity and peace, for he was ever conscious of his office as the Vicar of Christ upon earth.

**WHILE** Catholics mourn him and pray for God's guidance of those who will select his successor, the dictators and statesmen and politicians of the world face their unfinished tasks. Europe still teeters on the verge of tragedy. Will those who are directing its destiny allow selfish motives alone to dominate them, or will they pause to follow the path to peace which Pope Pius indicated?

Sincere or insincere, Catholics or indifferentists or declared enemies, he looked upon all of them as his children. Powerful in their own nations, feared by others—they are, in comparison with him, *little men*. He towered above them not only by his unique office and his world-wide following, but by his own personal gifts and endowments.

They rule by force or by the political alignments which force only makes possible. He ruled by love and by the persuasive power of his position. Besides, he brought to that office qualities of mind and heart which made him outstanding among his contemporaries. These big, *little men* on whose words and actions the world anxiously awaits, would do well to learn from him.

They cannot follow him, of course, or be worthy of the benediction he would bring them unless they are guided by his principles. They rankle at inequalities and injustice—or pretend to. He too inveighed against the selfishness and greed which provide plenty and luxury for the few while multitudes suffer want in the midst of plenty. They cry out for the rights of man. So did he. No statesman ever put the case for the downtrodden clearer than Pope Pius XI.

**BUT** he demanded that reform begin with ourselves, that we right what is wrong in our own lives before we attempt to make others righteous. And while he insisted that man's inhumanity be blotted out, he reminded us that such an ideal will never be approached unless we are faithful to the laws of God.

That is where he differed from others who control the destinies of men. Their horizon is limited to this life; his widened out to the rim of eternity. They depend entirely on alliances, on their own resourcefulness, on the quickly changing friendships of their fellowmen; he leaned upon God. In desperation, they shout: "We will fight." In difficulties, he proclaimed: "We must pray."

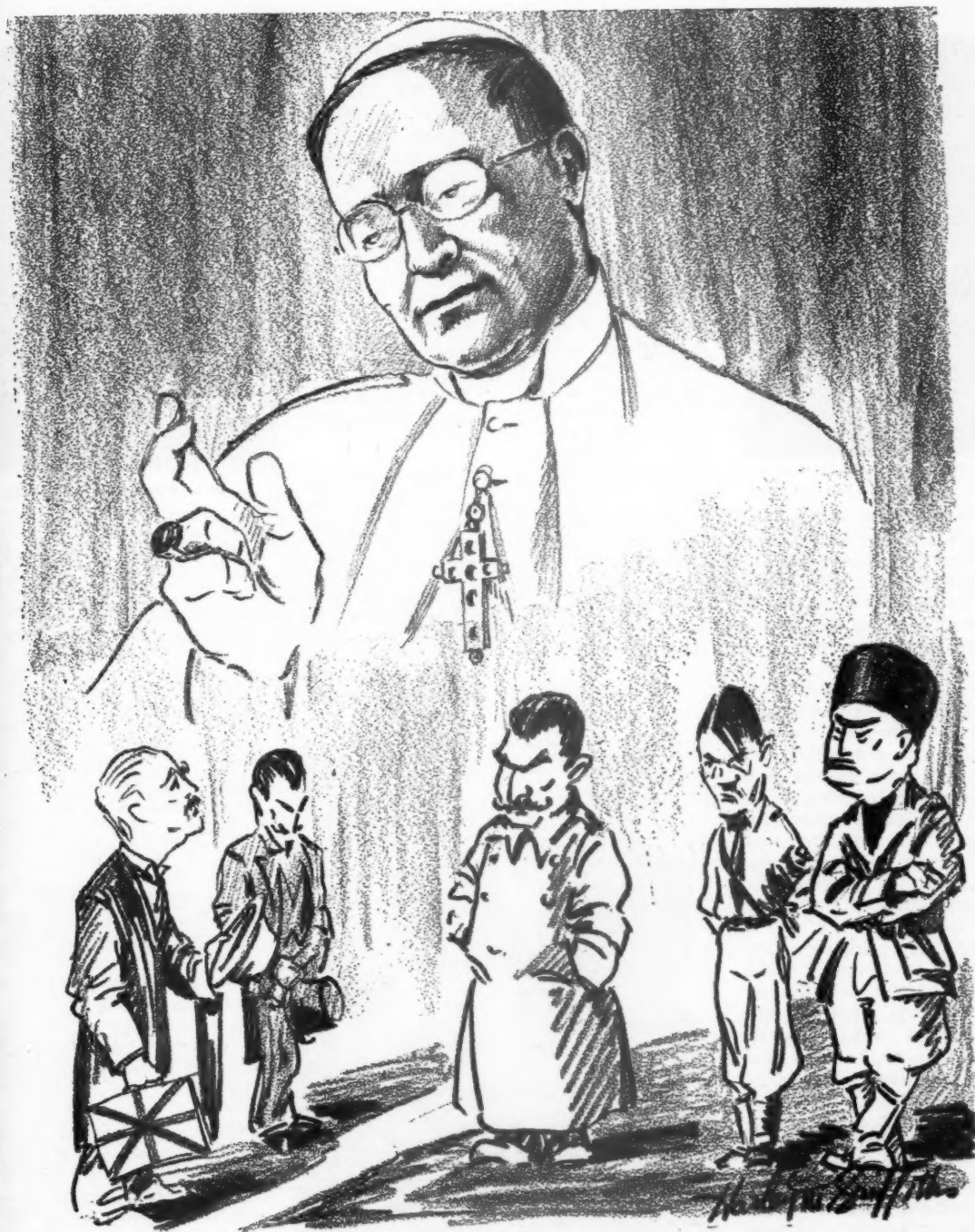
Is it too late for leaders in this world of strife and tumult and conflict to change their ways? Their people, at one time or another, shared the common Christian heritage which came to them through Christ, through Peter, through the Papacy. They were made brothers in the bond of a mutual Faith and in the knowledge of the same supernatural destiny. Some lost that Faith; other have trifled with it or let national aspirations push it into the remote background. That Faith must be revived, or we face disaster.

So as the Pope who has written his name in the hearts of the faithful passes into history, we ask these *little men*—what now? Will you continue to plot and scheme and quarrel? Must you fight against Christ and against His Vicar to gain your ends? Have you not read history? If you love your people and your native lands, will you let them come again into the inheritance of Faith? Or will you be jealous of God Himself and of the love and service He demands?

He died—this glorious, humble Pope—with the word "Peace" upon his lips. You may have it, if you will turn to Him Who alone can give it.

*Father Theophane Maguire S.J.*





"Peace!"—Little Men—"Peace!"

# PERSONAL MENTION



Theodore Maynard

• **THEODORE MAYNARD** whose thoughts *At Mass* are expressed in poetry, is one of the best-known Catholic literary figures in America today. Born in Madras, India, where his parents were Methodist missionaries, he has never lost interest in that country. Shortly after his conversion to the Faith, he married. He became associated with the *New Witness* and with the Chestertons, Gilbert and Cecil.

When his books began to appear in America, he came to this country and was soon in demand as a lecturer. His wife and children followed him here in 1921. Since that time he has taught in San Rafael College, California—St. John's, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Fordham University, New York, and Georgetown University, D. C. His numerous books have been highly praised by literary critics.

• **IN COMMENTING** on developments *After Barcelona*, **JOHN E. KELLY** minces no words. So much has the American public been imposed upon by false stories on the Spanish situation that such facts as this author reveals should be given wide publicity. His sane plea that we face realities is very timely.

• **WHAT** are the principal problems before Congress? What forces are at work to influence decisions in the Capital? Are radical changes to be made in our foreign policy? Numerous personal interviews and carefully considered information were **FR. JOSEPH THORNING'S** preparation for his article in this issue, *Inside Washington*.

• **MANY** requests have come to us for an authoritative statement about *Ireland A Nation*. **EMER BRENNAN** is certainly well fitted to write on the subject. Daughter of the Irish Minister, Emer was born in County Wexford, Ireland, and was educated there and in

France. She has been with her father at the Legation at Washington since 1934. She is at present studying German, Spanish and French at the Berlitz School, though she finds time for her hobbies of reading, gardening and photography. Miss Brennan likes America and finds our people very kind.

• **THE** satisfying growth of *The Grail Movement* in Europe makes it worthy of special note. **FR. JOSEPH McALLISTER, S.S.**, who tells the story, is Director of Music and professor of Gregorian Chant at the Sulpician Seminary, Washington, D.C. Born in Baltimore, Md., his primary and secondary education was in the schools of the Christian Brothers. In 1928 he was awarded a scholarship to the Basselin Foundation at the Catholic University. He received his Master of Arts degree in 1931.

Ordained in 1935, he devoted four summers in Europe to travel and study—the Liturgy at Maria Laach and Beuron, two German Benedictine Monasteries, and Gregorian Chant at the Abbey of St. Peter at Solesmes.

• **A** GREATLY neglected topic, *Catholics and Latin America*, is discussed by **RANDALL POND**. The recent conference in Lima has focussed attention on our neighbors to the South. Our own people should take a keen interest in present and future policies which affect these Catholic countries.

• **HARLEY GRIFFITHS**, a young artist of Brooklyn, N. Y., conceives the late Pope Pius XI as leaving a benediction on world leaders to direct them on the path to peace. Mr. Griffiths studied at St. Francis College and Pratt Institute, Brooklyn and at the National Academy of Design, New York. We expect to have further illustrations from the pen of this young artist.



Rev. Joseph McAllister, S.S.



Emer Brennan (left) with her sisters, Deirdre and Meave, and her brother, Robert, Jr.

# CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• THERE have been unmistakable indications, as we noted last month, that persons and groups who hold high offices in this country are tending to take actions

## Champion of Democracies

which will bring us into unfortunate collision with foreign countries. We must have a foreign policy. We are not creatures of another world. We are affected quickly by events that happen far from our frontiers. But the growing trend is to set ourselves up, with many of our own domestic problems far from solution, as the big, brave brother who will step out to defend those nations which have yet to say a practical "Thank you" for the punishment we took in the World War.

Leaks in the news, articles in the Press, discussions in Congress, are making this very stupid (though its sponsors may think it very noble) stand more and more definite. Some of our military men are alarmed at the ease with which foreign experts are given access to our latest military secrets. And others are equally concerned at the pressure of propaganda which is creating an atmosphere of "we must prepare to defend all democracies." Editorially *The Commentator* expressed this sentiment:

"A century ago there was a statesman in England called George Canning. In the House of Commons he aroused tumultuous cheering by words that have resounded ever since through the corridors of history. 'I called the New World into existence,' he said, 'to redress the balance of the Old.'"

"Time will show whether the New World will redress the balance, not of the Old World alone, but of the world as a whole. It would take strong dictatorship to upset that equilibrium."

Well, are we to roll up our sleeves and balance the Old World's troubles? It's a rather stupendous task. It is also a silly and thankless one.

• ARE we to content ourselves with preparations for our own defense or are we to place our resources and lives at the beck of "democratic nations?" This question is not one of mere debate. On its answer depend our defense and economic policies; on it may hang also our entire future.

## Defense—the Concern of the Citizen

Americans demand an answer now. We need more planes, more ships, more guns—than whom? If we are getting beyond the defensive stage, just whose air force and whose navy are we to surpass? Whether the cards are Old Deal or New Deal, let us put them on the table. It is amazing that the Administration should take an attitude of resentment when facts are requested. If we are to be involved in economic or military alliances

which may lead to war, the people who will be asked to pay and to fight have a right to know at once.

It is quite conceivable that the man in the street abominates dictatorships as much as anyone in high places. It is also conceivable that the man in the street may not want to fight, except in defense of his life and property and the lives and property of his fellow-citizens. He may be very decidedly against crossing over to Europe or Asia to keep the balance of power there intact or to prevent one nation from seizing possessions which their present owners acquired by force. As a citizen of the world he may take an interest in these affairs, but not to the point of laying down his life for their solution—even under the pretense of defending democracy.

If the "democratic processes" which we would impose on other nations are actually functioning here—let our policies and our defense program be discussed openly and decided in American fashion. Resort to secrecy on such vital issues as these is a compliment to the fashions of dictatorship and a confession that, politically, we are children and have not come of age.

• • •

• THE secular press, always interested in the bizarre and the sensational, brought out the so-called "Prophecies of Malachy" about the Popes, in the interval between the death of Pius XI and the election of his successor. These "Prophecies" also have a strong fascination for many Catholics. Are

## Prophecies of St. Malachy

they authentic, that is, is Malachy their author? Are they truly prophetic?

These questions have been disputed for years. The more probable opinion is that Malachy, the Irish Abbot of the twelfth century and dear friend of the great St. Bernard, is not their author, and besides they are clever forgeries.

Malachy died on November 2, 1148, but the "Prophecies" were first made known to Christendom in 1595. According to Fr. Luddy, O. Cist., in an Appendix to his *Life of St. Malachy*, there are strong reasons against accepting them. They are utterly out of harmony with the simple, straightforward character of the Irish Saint. They imply a knowledge of Italian which Malachy did not possess. St. Bernard, his bosom friend, knew nothing about them.

The "Prophecies" themselves fall into two well-defined groups. The titles or "devices" referring to the predecessors of Pope Gregory XIV (1590-1591), beginning with Celestine (1143-44), are precise in character and easy to identify because they are mostly puns on the pontiff's name or birthplace, or clear references to his family coat-of-arms. The titles of the pontiffs following Gregory XIV have vagueness as their proper characteristic. As Fr. Luddy says, "the boot is so loosely



formed that it will fit either foot, as in that typical ambiguous prophecy, 'The Duke yet lives that Henry shall subdue.'"

Does not this indicate that the author lived during or immediately after the pontificate of Gregory XIV? Would not the "title" *Fides Intrepida* (commonly applied to the late Pope) fit with equal suitability any of his immediate predecessors? The arrangement shows that when the author had to describe future Popes he was at a loss to fix real and personal characteristics to them, as he did to the Popes preceding him.

There is an imposing list of authorities named by Fr. Luddy who repudiate the so-called "Prophecies" as forgeries, though there are several others who are inclined to accept them. Fr. Thurston, S.J., holds that they are "spurious," and "completely discredited." The Church takes no notice whatever of them officially.

• THE Lenten season is here again. The Catholic Church teaches and commands that we must do penance for our sins. If she didn't insist on this necessity, most probably very few of us would ever

### Doing Penance

consciously do any penance whatever. The Church is the only institution that insists on penance and mortification at all times, but especially during Lent. Why? Because she is the true Church. She believes and insists on the whole Gospel. She does not pick what she likes among the doctrines of Christ and reject the rest. With her it is all or nothing. She takes the bitter with the sweet. True to her Divine Founder, Who by word and example taught the necessity of doing penance, she insists that the faithful practice mortification as penance for their sins, especially during Lent. Moreover, when a Christian does not "deny himself," he is not following Christ, nor is he taking proper care of his immortal soul. Even psychologists like William James recognized the benefits of little daily mortifications for the building of character. The Catholic who does not deny himself is not only a bad Christian. He is also a man wanting in real character.

• THERE are Catholic individuals and Catholic publications—only very few, we are glad to say—who attempt to take an "impartial" attitude toward the contending

### "Impartiality" on Spain Condemned

forces in the Spanish Civil War. *L'Osservatore Romano* on January 16th declared in an authoritative editorial that Catholics are not free in this matter. The only attitude for them to take is one of positive sympathy for the Nationalists ("Rebels" in the secular press) under the glorious leadership of Generalissimo Franco. The editorial of *L'Osservatore Romano* was provoked by the publication in the French Catholic newspaper, *La Croix*, of resolutions proposed by a Spanish Professor of Law, Alfred Mendizabel, who said: "Regarding the Spanish tragedy, Catholics as Catholics are free to show their preference and to give their sympathy to one or other of the parties."

Referring to the late Pope's strong words of condemnation of the atrocities committed by the Spanish Reds, and the Collective Letter of the Spanish Hierarchy condemning these same atrocities, the editorial says: "In face of all this, an old Professor of the Philosophy of Law in a Catholic country such as France dares to declare that Catholics are free to show their sympathy

and their preference for this party (the so-called Government). This means a denial of the distinction between right and wrong. This is to ask that Catholics shall oppose the voice of facts, the voice of their Bishops, to follow the amazing proposition of Professor Mendizabel!"

The Editor of *La Croix* subsequently made an explicit declaration of loyalty to the Catholic attitude and declared his regret that such a resolution appeared in his paper. His honest confession of fault for even appearing to favor a gang of assassins, hypocritically called a "government," should move those Catholics who endeavor to maintain positive impartiality to search their consciences and to resolve that they, too, will be loyal to the sound Catholic attitude on the Spanish War. They should cease taking their opinions from French "intellectuals," even though Catholics, for the latter have more concern for political considerations, especially the French bug-bear, "security," than they have for the interests of the Church.

• WE WRITE at a moment when a split in the ranks of Loyalist officials gives one more reason to believe that Spain will soon enjoy peace. The spectacle of Loyalist

### Franco Stands On His Record

authorities flying back and forth between Spain and France is one which should cause considerable embarrassment in diplomatic circles. A foreign official has been issuing orders on French soil. Meanwhile the people in the sector of Spain still unconquered by Franco, wonder when the politicians who have left them in their sorry plight will face realities and save further bloodshed.

Likely enough there is some good faith in the overtures which are being made by outsiders to bring the final formalities of peace into definite form. But it is partly amusing and partly amazing that countries which have helped to prolong the conflict by backing the Loyalists, should now attempt to preside at the terms of surrender for the Madrid regime. By pouring munitions and supplies into Loyalist territory, and by arousing through press and propaganda antipathy to the Nationalists these countries have had a large share in the responsibility of the bloody struggle.

Now they reveal a change, not of heart but of front, by insinuating that Franco would take wholesale reprisals against the vanquished. The insinuation spread by this cowardly alarm could be squelched by reference to the back pages of even the secular press. Some of Franco's own followers have protested his extreme leniency. Many of their own brothers and sisters, friends and acquaintances have been cruelly done to death by the Loyalists. Those wounds are too recent to be healed, these memories too searing to be forgotten.

Yet the record stands. In the towns and cities and provinces which have fallen to the Nationalist advance (one of the most remarkable feats in military history), the procedure has been uniform. There is a sifting out from amongst prisoners of those whom witnesses accused of foul crimes. Proper legal trials have been held. Even amongst those found guilty, some have been pardoned by Franco.

No amount of propaganda could accomplish for the Nationalists the eventual and lasting praise which will come from a careful study of their record. Compare what happened in Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia and elsewhere when the Loyalist regime took over, with Barcelona, Irun, Santander and other places when they fell to Franco's splendid soldiers.





"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"  
reads the inscription under the statue in  
front of the Archives Building in Washington

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

**K**EEP your eye on the fact that the 76th Congress is a colorful dress rehearsal for the presidential race of 1940 and you will understand every speech, 'hand-out' and news story emanating from Washington these days."

This is the advice of several wise, wary Senators who head powerful standing committees on Capitol Hill. Their words emphasize a point that is apparent to every White House correspondent. The President, heads of administrative departments, Representatives and Senators are nervous, excitable. Entrances and exits are carelessly timed. The actors in the political drama are missing their cues. Occasionally, they contradict each other after the fashion of jealous spouses. At the slightest provocation White House or Capitol Hill is apt to resound with Captain Andy's famous imprecation: "Suspicious!"

Despite the dynamite which lurks dangerously beneath the polished surface of Washington society, there is fairly general agreement on a number of important pieces of legislation. These may be enumerated as follows: (1) Armaments by land, sea and air; (2) Maintenance of the present prodigious program of public relief; (3) A not-too-drastic liberalization of provisions for the aged; (4) Increased budgets for child welfare, maternity care and public health; (5) Amendments designed to secure better operation of the wage-hour law and slightly modified jurisdiction for the National Labor Relations Board.

Does this mean that the armaments plan, for example, will be voted without debate? The answer is "No." But the opposition will be weak, perfunctory, hopeless. Senators Frazier, Lundeen, Nye and

## Inside Washington

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

Clark have some good speeches to deliver on the subject. No votes will be switched. In other words, President Roosevelt, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, will get exactly the war machine he wants and may use—in his third term, if not in his second!

Speaking of the vast sums needed for the WPA, a veteran member of the House Ways and Means Committee confided to me that "a \$150,000,000 slash in the initial appropriation may be likened to a Winter dike that melts away in the floods of Spring." The same Representative continued: "The Senate votes for economy are excellent New Year's resolutions. Some newspaper men describe setbacks of this kind for the President as 'symbols of defiance'. It would be more accurate to call them experiments in the realm of wishful thinking." In the matter of expenditure the White House usually has the last word.

One of the most disquieting features of the present session of the Congress is the public support accorded by Republican leaders like Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts and Ralph Brewster of Maine to old-age-pension schemes which in the privacy of their consciences they must know are fantastic and palpably ruinous to the very group of people the plans are designed to serve. No member of the Senate with whom I conferred would deny that a sixty or one hundred and twenty dollar a month retirement annuity for persons over sixty could result in anything less disastrous than a flood of "funny money." At the same time, there was an almost unanimous sentiment in favor of improving the social security legislation. The problem, according to my information, was to benefit truly necessitous men and women over sixty-five, while safeguarding the purchasing power

of U. S. currency and maintaining a modicum of personal initiative.

Everybody in Washington knows that the members of the Townsend movement are applying relentless pressure upon the members of Congress. In an environment which is accustomed to appropriate billions it is easy to create the impression that a few extra millions "will not really matter." The atmosphere inevitably becomes that of the auction-block. Politicians are only too eager to enact the rôle of auctioneers, especially when solid blocks of votes are the prize for which they are bidding. Unless the trend is suddenly reversed, one may expect bigger and better-organized raids on the Treasury.

**I**N THIS connection, the words of a world-famous journalist jolted me like an electric charge: "Unless Democrats and Republicans formulate distinctive platforms and then put them into effect when they come into power, they will be the unconscious forerunners, providers and planners of the one-party State. The moment leaders of two great political machines begin to promise the moon and stars they are the innocent architects of totalitarianism."

To remain in office is the predominant passion of Marxist, Nazi or Fascist. The conflict over patronage illustrates the dangers in the tendency to regard posts of administrative and judicial responsibility as plums in a one-man party pie. Of course, this has always been true, but never has the vice of partisan rule and personal favoritism been exploited in the grand manner exhibited in contemporaneous Washington. A little-publicized feature of the situation is the number of sisters, brothers, brothers-in-law, sons-in-law, nephews and nieces of politicians on the Federal pay-roll. The healthiest sign on the horizon is the determined refusal of the U. S. Senate to be a rubber-stamp for "brain-trust" appointments.

**THE SIGN**, to the best of my knowledge, was one of the first Catholic publications to offer a series of articles on a constructive program of public health. This alertness to matters of contemporaneous interest is reflected in the President's approval of an \$850,000,000 program of national health service. This is to include provision for expanded hospital facilities, medical care, medical education, clinical centres, improved techniques for disease prevention, lower maternity rates, reduced incidence of social disease and scientific research. Eventually, this program is to be amplified to secure the wider employment of public service for the

services of specialists in every sphere of the healing art, oculists, aurists, dentists, laryngologists, experts in the treatment of heart, lungs, kidneys, bladder, gastric disorders, dietetic ills and psychic maladjustments. If plastic surgery is included, the program of Federal aid for health will lead to some attention for the cosmetics and beauty industry, a one billion dollar business.

Speaking on this bill, one of the prominent members of the Senate Finance Committee remarked: "If one-half of the sum now privately expended upon patent medicines, many of which are either useless or else positively harmless, could be diverted to legitimate measures of diagnosis, prophylaxis and cure, there would be considerably less attention devoted to debate about 'socialized' medicine or State medicine. Medical officers, grouped about well-equipped hospitals, clinics and sanatoria, can solve most of the nation's health problems. Where mutual-aid plans or voluntary health insurance programs are inadequate, it is perfectly proper for the government to set up a reasonably comprehensive compulsory system. The three-cents-a-day arrangement for complete hospitalization, surgical, nursing and medical care in case of accident, sickness or temporary disability is growing by leaps and bounds. Other communities are meeting the situation by application of sound principles of co-operation. If we in the Congress appropriate \$850,000,000 for a Federal system, we will be inviting these excellent organizations which have flourished on a free-will, personal basis to go out of business. The appropriation will probably be cut in two. \$425,000,000 discreetly distributed among a number of existing health agencies, will stimulate hospitals, directors, doctors, nurses and technicians to continued sacrifice and fine achievement."

**U**NLESS signs fail, the best elements of the President's plan will be adopted with pared appropriations and a thought to the need of preserving the proved values of the private practice of medicine. In other words, a majority of the Senate and House are willing to express cautious approval for wider participation in Federal health bureaus. It is somewhat doubtful that the recommendation for an administrative officer of Cabinet rank will be acted upon favorably at this session of the Congress, although a vigorous fight will be made to push this feature of the plan.

No one pretends that the wage-hour law is perfect. Details of re-

gional administration, enforcement, possible exceptions to its application and inclusion of new groups of workers have to be ironed out. It would be a big step forward for the Congress to endorse the principle of the annual living wage. Wage-gouging in industries or occupations subject to seasonal unemployment is a vicious abuse. If the wage-hour legislation can be perfected to protect domestic and agricultural workers and then be bolstered by a few resounding court decisions, it may well take its place with the Securities and Exchange Commission law as one of the outstanding social achievements of the Roosevelt administration. This is an almost 100 per cent pro-Labor Congress. Consequently, the sponsors of proposed changes in the application of the law should be able to command practically unanimous support for their recommendations.

**I**T WOULD be pleasant to submit the same observation about the modifications in the Wagner Labor Relations Act. It is well known that the American Federation of Labor and the Congress for Industrial Organization are split on the proposed amendments. John L. Lewis, undisputed master of the CIO, wishes to maintain the Wagner Act intact. He is jealous of any encroachments upon the personnel or power of the National Labor Relations Board. Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts has introduced one series of amendments that would limit the Board's authority and at the same time permit employees to bargain collectively "free from threat, intimidation, restraint or coercion from any source." This would prevent ardent partisans of the CIO from interfering with workers in an AFL unit who might refuse to engage in a strike or dispute voted by a majority of workers engaged in the same factory or industry, although members of a rival labor organization.

The question posed is delicate: what rights have an organized minority *vis-a-vis* the authority of an organized majority, when both stem from antagonistic labor leadership? This seems to many members of Congress a political battle carried over into the Senate and House by the clash of personalities in the AFL and the CIO. Senator Edward R. Burke is naturally in the thick of the row. He charges that the National Labor Relations Board has "abused its judicial powers" and that all three members of the present board are "organized labor partisans." Mr. William Green appears to think that they are all CIO satellites. Consequently an act which was primarily

designed and supported by legislative champions of labor unionization, is apt to be a bone of contention between sincere friends of labor who desire nothing more than that the NLRB should continue to act as "investigator, prosecutor and judge" of any and all employers who seek to exploit their position of superior buying power in a market that is glutted with men, "able to work, willing to work and looking for jobs." Precisely as in the sphere of political patronage, the Congress becomes a battleground, not for conflicting ideologies, but for damaging personal feuds! In the duel between personalities the virtues of principles are very largely forgotten, if they do not suffer permanent injury.

IT SHOULD be noted that Senator David I. Walsh was chairman of the Senate labor committee, whose report paved the way for the adoption of the Wagner Act by the 74th Congress. Although now Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, he is no less a friend to the wage-earner. It may be assumed that his championship of the main provisions of the Wagner law, both in committee and on the Senate floor, have not blinded him to inadequacies or inequalities in its operation which, if remedied, will redound to the ultimate advantage of the rank-and-file of both CIO and AFL.

It may not be amiss to emphasize in *THE SIGN* that the Senator from Massachusetts, who has made a profound study of the Papal Encyclicals on labor, as have many other members of that body, has a record for championing the rights of the working population, organized and unorganized, that compares favorably with the activity of Christian statesmen in any part of the world. It is likely that his moderate views will do more to create an atmosphere favorable to compromise and labor peace, than the violent diatribes of the junior Senator from Nebraska.

Closely connected with the labor and employment situation is the matter of immigration, neutrality, war and foreign policy. It is estimated that there are already more than 3,000,000 aliens who have gained illegal entrance into this country. They complicate every one of the problems which confront the Congress. A number of these aliens are among the most vociferous advocates of a revolutionary foreign policy destined to favor two or three European nations at the risk of incurring the enmity of most of the others.

The term "aggressor nations" has been popularized by this group. It

is never used to include Communistic Bolshevism. Some of these alien orators, who are creating an atmosphere of tension, hate and war-mindedness, have legal warrant for their residence in the United States. Although not violating the letter of the law, they are abusing the hospitality which has been generously granted them. Erika Mann's activities have been a matter of heated comment both on the Senate floor and in the cloak-rooms of the Capitol. This is not a partisan issue. The majority of Congressmen with whom I conferred summed up their attitude as follows: "Our laws of free speech allow these people to say what they please. Some of them have been here only a few months. It is unfortunate that they do not realize the harm they are doing their own cause, by trying to transplant foreign animosities and foreign quarrels to this soil. The plight of others is not improved by preaching the inevitability of armed conflict—at so much per word! Erika Mann is a menace to every would-be political refugee. She is also one of the most effective arguments which Senators and Representatives will utilize to maintain the present immigration quotas." It is significant that she seldom explains whether Soviet Russia is a dictatorship or a collectivized democracy!

One thing is certain: The U. S. foreign policy will be further clarified in the months ahead. The showdown may take place simultaneously here and in Europe. The chief question in debate is whether or not we will permit foreign nations to buy what they want in the American market on equal terms. Open discrimination or "absolute neutrality"—that is the dilemma. Are France and Great Britain to enjoy advantages in the purchase of arms?

THE controversy cuts across party lines. If proponents of favoritism win the battle, they will at once proceed to prove that supplies of food and munitions on the basis of special friendship should be supplemented by a defensive military, naval and air alliance. The next step obviously would be American intervention in Europe. Even Senator George Norris is ready to participate in a conflict that would perpetuate the European democracies, Great Britain, France—and, it is to be presumed, Soviet Russia! It reminds thoughtful critics that the one-time favorite maxim of the American pacifists has been discarded: "Huge armies and navies are built to fight, and usually *do* fight."

One clue to the direction of foreign affairs will be the fate of the resolution introduced in the House by the

Hon. Louis Ludlow, former newspaperman and one of the most realistic of peace advocates. Congressman Ludlow, in view of the delicate international situation, has announced that he will not urge immediate consideration of his war referendum proposal, unless the outlook shall have become clarified. It is an open secret in the capital that the Representative from Indiana did not arrive at this conclusion before substantial pressure had been applied by administration leaders. Last year, Mr. Ludlow felt enough confidence in his resolution and in the temper of the people to disregard advice and warnings from those in high places. This Spring, he has been open to persuasion. To those who know the inner workings of capital politics this was the real tip-off on a new foreign policy in the making. If and when Louis Ludlow decides to call for a vote on his anti-war resolution, his action, more spectacularly than newspaper headlines, will flash word that Europe is no longer in a state of chronic crisis.

THESE are the problems and dilemmas which are discussed in suites and cocktail lounges at the Mayflower, Raleigh, Carlton, Washington, Shoreham and Wardman Park hotels. The interrogation points raised by discussion of the issues of domestic and foreign policy are settled, not on the floor of the Senate or House, but behind committee room doors, sometimes open, sometimes shut to the public. The spade-work is undertaken by experts in the Treasury, Agricultural, Interior and Justice departments. The statistical material these minor officials gather is mastered by a few ambitious or able advisers on the inner circle of each Congressional committee. Administration spokesmen flutter nervously between White House, committee rooms and Capitol hide-outs.

The committees report; their findings generally undergo some revision; occasionally administration stalwarts falter and then the fires of patronage are stoked, while the furnaces of public opinion back home are operated at full blast.

The main outlines of the present meeting on Capitol Hill are clear: arms, relief expenditures, farm checks, pensions, health, wages, labor jurisdiction and foreign policy. These are the issues. On each one of them, excluding a few appointments, President Roosevelt will get practically what he wants. It remains to be seen whether or not he knows just what course he will follow in fields afar. At home he is unchanged, still standing pat on deficit financing.





An ancient cross and tower in Glendalough, Ireland

**W**HEN one contrasts the Ireland of today, bright, youthful, hopeful, with the dispirited Ireland of, say forty years ago, one is struck by the extraordinary change, not merely for itself but because in the Ireland one saw in 1900, there was hardly a glimmer of hope for her future as a separate nation. To understand this change it is necessary to go back a little.

At the close of the nineteenth century the aspect of Ireland's political future was a cheerless one. National ambition seemed dead. The long fight for national independence seemed to have been forgotten by a generation of men who passed long-winded and florid resolutions which no one listened to and no one, not even their sponsors, took seriously. The country had witnessed during the previous century four armed uprisings which were mercilessly crushed; the great famine, which had seen a million people die of hunger in a land that a few months before was plentifully supplied with food, had reduced the population from eight and a half million to four and a half millions. Parnell,

the great national leader, was dead and his followers were split into warring factions. Heroic Ireland seemed to be no more. Her ancient glory was forgotten. Her distinctive civilization was being submerged in an alien civilization, and her centuries-old culture was a subject for sneers by the sons and daughters of a seemingly degenerate race.

Yet forty years later we see a young, virile nation which has won back all but the complete independence of the country, which is building hundreds of factories, breaking up the grass ranches and creating thousands of small farms, and building dwelling houses by the tens of thousands. A country moreover which, while reviving its ancient language in its schools, is setting a headline for Europe under a Christian Constitution, and in Christian social service, a land whose flag is honored among the nations and whose chief citizen has presided with dignity and honor at the League of Nations.

Let us see what forces brought about this extraordinary change.

During the course of that dreadful

# Ireland

By EMER BRENNAN

nineteenth century there were two great changes which were to play their part in the regeneration of the Irish people. One was Catholic Emancipation won by Daniel O'Connell and the other was the breaking of the landlord system by Parnell and Davitt. It is a curious commentary on the history of Western Civilization that little more than one hundred years ago all Ireland should have rejoiced because a Catholic Irishman had at last succeeded in taking his seat in the British House of Commons.

O'Connell himself while a boy had been smuggled to France to obtain the education denied him at home. The Irish Catholic schoolmaster who was unlucky enough to be discovered had his life forfeited or was sent as a slave to the Barbadoes. The priest was hunted like a wolf. O'Connell had broken through the barriers of bigotry and oppression insofar as to be allowed to voice the spiritual and economic miseries of his race and, voicing them, to have gone on to mobilize the opinion of civilization against the dire system under which the Catholics had groaned—pariahs in their native island—for two and a half centuries. The Mass bell was heard again in the land, and there was national rejoicing.

O'Connell went on to attack the political barriers in the endeavor to win the political independence of Ireland. It was not to be. He fought in the teeth of a mighty and unfeeling Empire and it conquered him. He died in a foreign land leaving his soul to God, his heart to Rome and his body to Ireland. He thought he had failed but his winning of Emancipation paved the way for the great fight for independence waged in a later generation.

**T**HE other change, the winning of the land war, brought about by Parnell, Davitt and the tenacity of the Irish tenant farmers, broke the power of the landlords. The old system, under which the farmers of Ireland were tenants at will, was a merciless one. The tenants were in a virtual condition of slavery. The rents could be raised by the landlord at any time—and any improvement



# A Nation

on the holding was sure to lead to a rise in the rent—and the tenants were evicted for non-payment. In the thirty years after the famine some three millions of people had been evicted and their homesteads levelled. The country was being gradually turned into a vast grazing ranch.

Faced with a revolution, the British Government enacted legislation whereby the tenant farmers were to become owners, the landlord being bought out at a just price and the tenants paying the purchase price in annuities. The farmers thus got a grip on their holdings and this too helped in a very great measure to stiffen the national morale when the great crisis came in 1916-1921, during which years a great measure of national independence was won.

**I**N 1900, however, there was little indication that national regeneration was at hand. The Irish language, outlawed for a century, had all but disappeared. Foreign manners and foreign games were in the ascendant and Ireland's beautiful music was being replaced by fifth-rate English music hall ditties. In spite of the fact that according to the percentage of marriages Ireland had the highest birth rate in Europe, the population was decreasing at the rate of twenty-five thousand per annum.

Notwithstanding this, something had already happened which was unnoticed by the vast majority of the Irish people, something which was to have a stupendous effect on the future of Ireland and which was at long last to lead to the culmination of a struggle for freedom which had lasted for seven hundred and fifty years. In 1893 Dr. Douglas Hyde, the present beloved President of Ireland, brought seven people together in a room in Dublin and decided to found the Gaelic League. Its objects were simple. They were to restore the Irish language as the spoken tongue of the people, to revive a love of Ireland's ancient games and music, and to foster Irish industries. Dr. Hyde was a university Professor. He came of an Anglo-Irish Protestant family, as did most of the leaders



Dr. Douglas Hyde, first President of Ireland, leaving Dublin Castle on the day of his inauguration

of the Nationalist movement for a century and a half. He was an enthusiast and he was endowed with a tenacity and an abundance of good spirits which enabled him to make light of all obstacles.

From the day he founded his Gaelic League Dr. Hyde travelled here and there on his bicycle through town and country, preaching the doctrine that a nation without its own language is a slave state which will lose its spiritual heritage. He repeated the saying of Thomas Davis that a nation's language would guard its frontiers more surely than fortress or river. Hardly anyone listened to this gray-eyed zealot clad in homespuns who gave so freely of his time and money—what little he had—to rescue an ancient and honored nation on the brink of disappearing in the material civilization of an alien state.

Dr. Hyde managed to get a few branches of his League established in Dublin and here and there in the country, but after ten heart-breaking years had elapsed, so little progress had been made that anyone less resolute would have given up the

effort in despair. Not so Douglas Hyde and those who were with him. He firmly believed that the rebirth of his nation depended on the success of his movement and when Canon Peter O'Leary, the great Gaelic scholar and litterateur, joined him saying that the hand of God was in the work he believed even more firmly.

**N**OBODY realized what was really happening, not even the pupils in the little classes studying Gaelic here and there. They came from their offices, their workshops, and their farms to sit together for a few hours every night to study what many considered a dead language, a language which for the speaker of English is extremely difficult to learn. But they were learning, and they were encouraging native Irish speakers, of whom there were one hundred thousand along the Western shores of the island, to write stories and folktales.

The young men and women in those classes were learning more than the language. They were beginning to appreciate the glorious

Ireland of the past, to realize the greatness of the story of the Gael. They heard how, during the Dark Ages, Ireland had saved Christianity in Europe, when from the sixth to the twelfth century she sent out hundreds of Saints and scholars to rescue France and Germany and Italy from the darkness which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire. In the Gaelic language they read the words of Zimmer, the German scholar who related the indisputable fact that the Irish in those centuries were destined to become the instructors of the Germans, the French and the Alemanni in every known department of knowledge of that time. These young enthusiasts also learned the lesson they had all but forgotten—that those of their race who had been pariahs and failures in their own land had only to go abroad to other lands to become the leaders of men, great marshals of armies in the service of France, Austria and Spain, great statesmen in Australia and Canada, great captains of industry in America. It was only natural that they should begin to ask themselves the question why it was they should not be masters in their own country.

**T**HESE Gaelic enthusiasts were only a handful. The vast mass of the people either ignored them or openly derided them. They persisted, however, and in their ranks were to be found the men and women who a few short years later were to withstand the armed might of an Empire in the day of its greatest strength and who were to fight the forces of that Empire to a standstill.

When Arthur Griffith's Sinn Fein movement started in 1906, its first recruits were the members of the Gaelic League. Griffith took the words Sinn Fein for his motto because, freely translated, they meant self-reliance. He hoped to build up a passive resistance movement which would win the political independence of the country by recalling the Irish representatives from London and setting up a National Assembly which would have the moral right to legislate for the Irish people. About this time also the Fenian movement, which had been dormant since the failure of the rebellion of 1867, was revived and again the recruits came from the ranks of the Gaelic League and Sinn Fein. Gradually the numbers in these organizations increased in spite of the opposition of the Irish Parliamentary Party who hoped to wrest a measure of Home Rule by agitating in the British House of Commons.

So far the movement had been

perfectly peaceful and law-abiding, very much to the distaste of the extremists. It is a strange commentary on human affairs that it was their enemies who gave them the excuse for becoming a militant organization. In 1913 a bill to give Ireland Home Rule had been introduced in the British Imperial Parliament. The Unionists in the North of Ireland—approximating to the position of the Tories in the American Revolution—organized an armed volunteer force to defeat the decree of the Imperial Parliament. The British authorities instead of meeting this force and dealing with it, since it was an open defiance of their authority, allowed themselves to be browbeaten and this lesson was not lost on the nationalists. They too organized a volunteer army, ostensibly to uphold Home Rule. But when John Redmond, the Irish Parliamentary leader, was betrayed by a vacillating British statesman and the operation of the Home Rule act was suspended, the Irish Volunteers decided to take the field once again in the seemingly hopeless endeavor to win the freedom of their country by force of arms.

The Rising of 1916 was crushed and its leaders, the young men who had been the first pupils of Dr. Hyde, were executed. Their sacrifice was not in vain, for within two years the whole country had adopted their political faith and the Sinn Fein Party, swept into office by the popular vote, refused to attend the British House of Commons. They met in Dublin and set up a Republican Government with Departments of Defense, Finance, Local Government, Labor, Industry, Foreign Affairs, etc. Of course the British could not stand idly by in the face of this flouting of their authority and they proclaimed the Republican Government illegal and had its leaders imprisoned.

**T**HERE followed three years of warfare during which the Republican Government—functioning underground—showed great efficiency, supported as it was by the majority of the people. The British Administration was gradually forced into the position of being merely an armed garrison confined to the larger towns, so that in the Spring of 1921 Lloyd George confessed to the House of Commons that the King's writ no longer ran in Ireland. In June 1921 he called a truce and out of the subsequent negotiations there emerged the Treaty of 1921, and the Irish Free State was established.

Unfortunately the Sinn Fein forces split on the question of the Treaty and there ensued a lamentable civil

war between those who had carried on the fight for independence for five strenuous years. It is a tribute to the generosity and forgiving spirit of the Irish that today after the lapse of fourteen years the civil war is happily forgotten and the old comrades on both sides divided in fratricidal strife for two years are comrades once more.

How have the Irish used their new-found powers? They had at long last the opportunity to prove their oft-repeated assertions that if given control of their own destinies they could prove themselves as able in Ireland as the children of their race had proven themselves in other lands. Have they done so?

**I**MPARTIAL observers have answered in the affirmative. English economists have stated that there is no sounder country in Europe from the economic standpoint. After some seventeen years of self-government we find that the Irish National loans are quoted on the open market at a higher rate than those of any other country in Europe, all above par. The national debt is only about twenty million pounds, which is doubly surprising because of the fact that Ireland during those seventeen years has been going through an extraordinary period of reconstruction. The Irish took over an island which had been virtually laid waste. They had to re-establish agriculture and to build up industry. So well have they built that the country was able to sustain the shock of a major economic war waged from without which might have destroyed a weaker country.

In 1932 the Irish Government decided to withhold the annual tribute of five million pounds hitherto paid to England in lieu of land annuities. They held that this money was not justly due but they offered to submit the question to the arbitration of an international tribunal. The British objected on the grounds that the tribunal should be confined to the British Commonwealth. There ensued the economic war. Britain decided to collect the five million pounds annually by imposing punitive tariffs on Irish produce entering Britain. The Irish Government retorted by placing prohibitive tariffs on English coal and English-manufactured goods entering Ireland.

This economic war which lasted for six years all but ruined the Irish farmers and closed up many of the Welsh coal fields. At last wiser counsels prevailed and the ruinous conflict was brought to an end by a compromise on each side which was mutually beneficial. The British

agreed to forego the annual tribute of five million pounds in consideration of a payment by the Irish Government of a lump sum of ten million pounds. Irish produce was allowed free entry into the British market and the heavy industrial products of Britain were given preference in the Irish markets. Under this agreement moreover the English handed over to the Irish Government the remaining Irish ports reserved under the Treaty of 1921.

The only outstanding question which was not settled at the time of these negotiations was the return of the six northern Irish counties to Ireland. This, the only remaining cause of quarrel between the two countries, will be settled in time. Few people in Ireland doubt that the unnatural border between the six counties and the rest of Ireland will shortly be removed.

In the industrial region the young Irish Government has done wonders. They decided that from their own resources the people should be able to feed, clothe and house themselves. In pursuance of this policy they have established no fewer than seven hundred factories, not, however, congregated in an industrial area but spread throughout the little towns in rural Ireland. In these factories over one hundred thousand people have found new employment. The harnessing of the Shannon for the supplying of electricity has been such a success that at the present time a scheme is in course of construction on the Liffey river in Dublin.

It is perhaps in agriculture that the greatest change has occurred. Instead of a country of grazing ranches there is now a system of tillage farming which is highly successful. A few years ago Ireland imported about forty million dollars worth of foodstuffs annually; now that is all being produced at home. Four sugar-beet factories which have been erected supply all the sugar needs of the country. Instead of importing all their flour, as they previously did, they are now manufacturing from wheat grown on Irish soil. Untilled land where formerly the bullock roamed was taken over from the owners at a fair price and

broken up into small holdings of twenty or thirty acres, thus creating a new population of tens of thousands of tillage farmers. Furthermore, with Government subsidies, local authorities have erected more than one hundred thousand houses.

**T**his excellent work has gone hand in hand with what amounts to a political revolution. One by one the obnoxious clauses in the Treaty of 1921 have been abolished. Under that treaty, for instance, the Irish law courts were not supreme. There was the right of appeal from them to the British Privy Council. That presumed right has been gotten rid of, as has the Governor General and the Oath of Allegiance to the King.

The greatest single achievement, however, of the new Irish Government has been the framing and enactment of a new Irish Constitution which at the moment is being studied in hundreds of American schools because of its adherence to the principles of Christianity and Democracy. The magnificent preamble to this Constitution has been quoted many times but it will bear repetition, not merely because of its lofty eloquence, but because of its intrinsic sincerity. It is as follows:

"In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, from Whom is all authority and to Whom, as our final end, all actions both of men and States must be referred, We, the people of Eire, Humbly acknowledging all our obligations to our Divine Lord, Jesus Christ, Who sustained our fathers through centuries of trial, Gratefully remembering their heroic and unremitting struggle to regain the rightful independence of our Nation, And seeking to promote the common good, with due observance of Prudence, Justice and Charity, so that the dignity and freedom of the individual may be assured, true social order attained, the unity of our country restored, and concord established with other nations. Do hereby adopt, enact, and give to ourselves this Constitution."

The true social order which is referred to in the preamble as being one of the aims of the Constitution is assured in the clauses which are enshrined in the Constitution itself. There is a provision safeguarding the rights of private property but stating that the concentration of the ownership or control of essential commodities in a few individuals must not be allowed to operate to the common detriment. The principles thus enunciated are implemented through legislation which governs conditions in factories and workshops so that the workers will not be exploited, which guarantees a just wage for the farm laborer, which lays it down as a principle that it is the duty of the state to find employment for the workers and to provide for them if it cannot do so. This legislation provides compulsory holidays with pay and it makes available pensions for the blind, the aged, widows and orphans.

Other notable features of this Constitution are that mothers of families must not be obliged by economic necessity to engage in labor to the neglect of the home. The family is recognized as the natural unit of Society and divorce is prohibited. Freedom of conscience and the free practice of religion are guaranteed. There is free education for the primary and to a large extent the secondary pupils that is the equivalent of grade and high schools. The Government builds, maintains, and staffs the schools, not merely for Catholics, but for all sects. Protestant prelates have paid tribute to the generosity of the Government in providing free transportation to bring the children of non-Catholic parents to the schools of their choice.

The principles of Democracy are equally preserved. The Constitution states that all powers derive under God from the people and the people are the final arbiters of any and every question. The President is elected directly by the votes of the people, as are also the members of the Dail or Parliament.

The Irish Nation is old. Its culture dates back two thousand years. Today it is still young and faces the future full of hope and courage.

### Courtesy and Relief

I think it safe to say that many of the people now sitting at welfare application desks or engaged in the investigating and determining of people's needs are no better qualified to do that than are the people who are at the mercy of their judgments. Many times have I heard people say, after an experience at this or that relief application office, "If you have any feeling of self-respect left, it will surely be taken out of you before they get through with you."

William H. Matthews in "The New York Times Magazine"

### The Duty of Discussion

The Catholic for whom his religion is eminently reasonable accepts the duty of discussion. Discussion is really nothing more than the natural way of the mind to come to knowledge of the truth. It takes all kinds of people to make the world and it takes many minds to construct the truth about the world. Truth is not a spontaneous possession. No man has a complete intuition of it, and it is therefore useful to have different viewpoints put forward by various minds. . . .

Father James, O. M. Cap., in "Bonaventura"



# France After the Popular Front

There Is a Growing Conviction Among the French That Only a Change of Régime Can Save France in the Present Crisis

By R. BURNHAM CLINTON



In the Chamber of Deputies. Premier Daladier, with folded arms, is seated in the middle. To his left are MM. Reynaud, Sarraut, Campinchi and Mandel

THE Popular Front is broken: it is no longer a front and it is certainly anything but popular. The final demonstration, when we shall be able to write Q.E.D. after this statement, will not be forthcoming until the 1940 elections but very few Frenchmen doubt it today or the related fact that the Communist Party after its effort to control French affairs at the dictation of Moscow has broken down and is doomed to disappear wholly from the councils of the nation. The actions of M. Daladier, so much more positive than was feared in some quarters, in face of the general strike called for November 30th last and the complete failure of that attempt, have greatly heartened all the sound elements of the country, coming as they did upon the successful determination of the September crisis, while the events that have followed the Prime Minister's second success have served to confirm the general optimism.

Can we say, then, that the danger is over? Far from it: though all is well for the moment the cancer of party politics has entered too deeply into French political life not to require some drastic form of operation for its removal. But what form shall that operation take?

There is no doubt that an overwhelming majority of the French are agreed today on one point—that it must be drastic, that no mere change of administration, no turning from party to party as has been done since the Great War and before will suffice, and the cry which originated in the extreme Right Wing has now become all but universal: "We must change the régime."

But what does this mean? To change the régime; that is "something," as the French say. Undoubtedly the phrase may mean very different things to different people, but in its most moderate interpretation it implies alterations far more profound than most Frenchmen would have contemplated a year ago. The fact is that they have been viewing, in the light of their recent escape from war, the record of their contemporary achievements in the political and financial domains and what they have seen there has both shocked and alarmed them. It has been, to put it plainly, a record of miserable failure, a steady progress towards social unrest, animosity between the classes, bankruptcy and



general disorder. The culmination of this process took place under the aegis of the Popular Front.

We cannot rest the whole responsibility for the present plight of France on the shoulders of the Popular Front, but we can say truly that it represents all the political mismanagement that has been going on so long at the climax of its destructive career and with it another feature even more sinister, the deliberate campaign for national demolition carried on by the Communists. Some idea of the havoc wrought by the successive Popular Front governments may be had from the brief summary of their records printed in the famous Paris weekly *Gringoire*. *Gringoire* lists these achievements under three heads as follows:

"Financial failure: 50 milliards (billions) of inflation, 43 milliards borrowed, 35 milliards of new bank notes, 17 milliards of new taxes. Three devaluations of the franc cut by 60 per cent in October, 1936, June, 1937, July, 1938. The pound sterling passing from 75.50 (May, 1936) to 178.70 (October, 1938). Diminution by 40 per cent of the gold reserve in the Bank of France: 1,500 tons of gold lost since May, 1936. . . . Enormous budgetary deficit.

"Diplomatic failure: the isolation of France whose friendship with the U.S.S.R. has made her suspected by all the countries of order, the neutrality of Belgium (hitherto in close alliance with France), the rupture of the French-Italian friendship, the Rome-Berlin axis, the Anschluss, the end of Polish friendship, the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, the breaking up of the Little Entente, the peace of Munich, French weakness before German power. . . .

"Economic Failure: rising cost of living, increase of the number of those out of work, diminution of production, a deficit of 18 milliards in the commercial balance, social agitation, strikes, occupations (of factories, etc.), discontent of the peasants, lowering of the standard of living of government employees, etc."

**B**AD as this record is, near as it brought them to catastrophe, it is not so much the record itself as the discovery of the motives that lay behind governmental action that has kindled the indignation of the French, and the worst of it is that the new mistrust of the Popular Front could not fail to attach itself to the present government and to M. Daladier, the Premier, since they themselves were an integral part of that coalition.

There is no doubt that when M. Daladier came home from Munich he



EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

A view of Paris and the Seine from the roof of Notre Dame Cathedral

had it in his power to make himself the leader of the entire people. Everyone was clamoring for a national restoration and he who had saved the peace was already something of a popular hero. To do so was no easy task. It required considerable strength to resist the pressure of those who urged a policy leading to war, especially as these "Go-to-wars," as the French call them, were his own political associates and the leaders of the Popular Front. In the circumstances, having already defied these men and called down upon his head the violent denunciations of the Communists and Socialists of the Left, it is curious that Daladier neglected his opportunity. He is a man of great ability, of acute though not profound mind. The Chamber granted him "full powers" including the right to enact laws by

decree for the period of a month and then retired for vacation, and the good will of the country was behind him; yet with all these advantages the month passed with practically nothing accomplished. The fact seems to be that neither by nature nor training is he qualified for true leadership, though he had certainly made plain his ability to act strongly in an emergency.

Popular emotion is a curious thing: the very fact that the relief after Munich had roused expectancy to a high pitch made the long period that followed when all activity on the part of the government seemed dead, when old abuses went on unchecked and no practical attempt was made to speed up the work on rearmament or to counter the bold Communist efforts to impede it, a goad to the already acute impa-

tiences. Manifestations, demands, ex-postulations poured in upon the government from all classes and organizations, especially from groups of peasants and soldiers, those in active service and veterans; letters were written to the papers couched in violent and inflammatory terms; editorial comments followed suit and it seemed that something positive must be done if serious outbreaks were to be avoided. Then, towards the end of November, the Finance Minister, Paul Reynaud, issued his now famous financial decree laws.

**I**NSTANTLY the country was in a ferment. No one approved, that is not vocally. It is to be presumed that certain interests to whose advantage the old political juggling with finances had worked so favorably, and who therefore desired at all cost to preserve the status quo, were pleased, but with few exceptions these maintained a discreet silence. Most observers fairly held their breath waiting for an explosion, but there was one factor that strangely kept the peace. The most angry of all the political groups in France were the Communists who saw many of their hard-earned positions menaced by these laws and who quite openly threatened trouble. The leaders of the C. G. T., the official labor organization, and especially Léon Jouhaux, who had just returned from a visit to the United States and Mexico, were responsible for calling a general strike for November 30th in which not only workers in private concerns but those in the factories nationalized for the rearmament work, and the employees of the government services and departments were supposed to participate.

It was a deliberate challenge to the government to a trial of strength, a threat such as the Communists had employed before to whip recalcitrant governments into line and which for some time no government had dared to accept. But the government accepted it this time. Once again an emergency called forth whatever strength Daladier possesses. The men in the national services and in the nationalized factories were requisitioned, that is, they were placed on a quasi-military basis and were warned if they stayed away from work they would lose their jobs, while those who fomented trouble would be tried before military tribunals. In addition to this large police precautions were taken against outbreaks of violence. Partly as a result of these measures the strike which was intended to bring about the fall of Daladier's cabinet, failed utterly and

once more Daladier scored a personal triumph.

It must be remembered that Daladier's cabinet is, as I said above, of Popular Front origin. When it was formed, Daladier, neglecting his opportunity to lead the already evident popular reaction to the Right and with his eyes on a majority in the Chamber, included in it a number of Left extremists who, when he at last demonstrated his intention to turn away from Left policies, began to plot his downfall though it would involve their own as ministers. The question for these men was what form this conspiracy should take. It was a very subtle one.

Among Daladier's ministers were two, M. Marchandau, then Minister of Finance, and Paul Reynaud, Minister of Justice or "Keeper of the Seals" in the old French term still employed. Of these two the former was more friendly to his chief than Reynaud and it was the former, of course, who was at work framing the long-expected financial reform laws. At last, about the end of October, when the impatience of the people was at critical heat, Daladier announced that the financial and economic policy of the government would be shortly made public and immediately after a very curious thing happened. It was known that there was strong opposition to Marchandau's policy in the cabinet and, yielding to this or from some abstruse political reason, Daladier suddenly switched the two ministers about, Marchandau taking the portfolio of justice and Reynaud that of finance. But Reynaud's political affiliations have always been with the extreme Left, so that it was natural that many should ask themselves with concern what such a change portended. The surprise was therefore great when the laws turned out to be nothing but a rehash of old financial panaceas long dear to the hearts of professional politicians but unfavorable to Communist policy.

**T**HERE seems to be but one explanation of this result. The Communists and their friends, the Left Socialists, were already agitating for the fall of the Daladier cabinet and it was, after all, the Premier who was finally responsible for the financial policy of his ministers, and the majority in the Chamber was still a Popular Front majority if it could be persuaded to act together. It is claimed in many political circles that Reynaud had deliberately framed his laws in the most unpopular terms possible so as to revive that majority as against Daladier

and insure the fall of his cabinet. The plot would have met with complete success but for that one factor which the Left has found it so difficult to appreciate, the general swing of the country towards the Right and the rise of anti-Communist feeling. As I write these words there is a very strong movement to secure the legal dissolution of the Communist Party in France—an example that has already been set by no fewer than nineteen European countries and may soon be followed by others.

A curious little story is told on good authority in France about the Munich Conference that should be widely known in America since it illustrates the lengths to which political intrigue is carried in France under the present régime. It seems that at Munich Hitler questioned Daladier's ability to carry out his undertakings and stated that he did not have the support of his cabinet. The French Premier denied this whereupon Hitler placed certain records on a gramophone that stood handy and Daladier had the unpleasant experience of hearing the voice of Paul Reynaud in telephonic conversation with the then President Bènes of Czechoslovakia urging him to yield nothing to Germany and assuring him that the Daladier government would soon fall and be replaced by one truly representing the extreme Left. The wily dictator had ordered the wires tapped and a record taken of this highly compromising talk.

**T**HE fact is that neither the gang of professional politicians nor the Communist leaders seem capable of reading the signs of the times and must play their stale games although they thus doom themselves to destruction. But that which has come out of it all is the reverse of what they planned: a France thoroughly disgusted, a France that cries for banning of Communists and a change of régime.

One of the signs of the times is that all over France workmen are combining with owners, their employers, to form groups including both on the corporative principle. This fact alone shows clearly that it is not a mere shift from brutally selfish motives to a not much more enlightened patriotism but an understanding of the true issue at stake, for the instant corporatism becomes the form of the economic organization of the nation Communism and Capitalism are equally doomed, being deprived of their *raison d'être*. Corporatism, not merely economic corporatism, but corporatism in every



department of corporate activity, is the old traditional Christian form of society; it is essentially Catholic and the turning towards it of so many even among non-Catholics is one of the most striking symptoms of the return of national health.

We can now begin to understand a little of what is meant by this cry for a change of régime that has become almost universal in France. Extreme Left and Right groups have long urged a change of régime, the former in favor of a "Soviet Republic" or republics, the latter a return of the monarchy. It may come as something of a shock to Americans to learn what the French mean by a change of régime is a change in the form of government. If the French carry out their present intentions, and there is every indication that they will, the Republic in its present familiar form, the Liberal Republic, is doomed and something different will take its place.

But if this is true what are we to look for? What form of régime are we likely to see supplant the Liberal Republic in France? There are not a great number of choices. Two of them have already been posed: the extreme Right advocates a return to the monarchy, the extreme Left urges a Soviet Republic. Perhaps it is because the term "Republic" is attached to the term "Soviet" that so many people fail to grasp the fact that the Communist proposal involves the greatest departure from all political ideas with which we are familiar among all the changes proposed today. If people would stop to consider the implication of the alternative term, the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" and recognize from the

example of Russia how much dictatorship necessarily gravitates into the hands of one man, they would cease to make this expensive error. Compared to the Soviet Republic, the monarchy is a democratic institution. The latter would indeed eradicate the Liberal Republic, the former definitely destroys the nation.

It is not necessary, however, for the French to confine themselves to a choice between the Soviets and the monarchy. If the authority of the State and continuity of policy is what they seek there are other alternatives. Many of those who call for a new régime but omit to say what it shall be are, I feel certain, turning to something in the nature of a dictatorship. There had been even before Munich a general demand for a "government of national union." By this it was proposed that upon the fall of the legally constituted government the President of the Republic should exercise his full prerogative and call to the premiership, not a party leader, but some man of national reputation and outside politics altogether who would appoint his ministers from all shades of opinion. This government could be granted "full powers" for the emergency, very much as the President of the United States wields extraordinary powers in time of war, while the Chambers could continue to function formally but without power to interfere with the administration or be prorogued for a period.

We have, then, as a third alternative some form of dictatorship and if one asks if this is not "Fascism" I reply that that depends on one's definition of Fascism. I think there is very little chance of a dictator-

ship comparable to the Italian dictatorship, and in that sense it would not be Fascist but it would probably resemble very closely that of Salazar in Portugal and, if by God's grace we may leave out the incident of civil war, that of Franco in Spain.

This brings us naturally to the fourth alternative and to this the balance of probability points as being the future régime of France. There is a strong disposition to form those natural groups known as corporations. The best minds among political theorists in France are urging a régime which will incorporate all these groups in the political organization as the only means of securing at once an authoritative government capable of carrying on a consistent policy and of preserving and renewing the local liberties that in the past were so dear to the hearts of Frenchmen. The "Corporative State" thus envisaged has the advantage of being adaptable to either a monarchic or republican form though not, indeed, to the Liberal Republic. It would thus have the advantage of inviting the support of the extreme Right, many of whom are its warmest advocates, among whom, indeed, were first developed its principles. If this alternative is chosen, if France does change her régime to that of the Corporative State it will mean that she has thrown in her lot with the nations of the West who have elected to remain Christian and European and have cast out Communism. If so the modern crisis continually inviting us to war will have passed and France will quickly resume her ancient prestige and her position of leadership among the civilized nations.



Mobile guards ready for instant action during the recent general strike which threatened to paralyze the industrial life of France

WIDE WORLD PHOTO



And so had begun the partnership which made Barry O'Gorman famous as a composer and Victoria Hudson a soprano of world renown

REUNION ON

St. Patrick's  
DAY

BY J. K. LYONS

**T**HE remarkable thing about the Bard, as we called him in Arranscaul, was that you did not realize he was blind until he had passed by. Coming along the road he was so erect and stately in his walk, swishing pebbles beside him with a big black stick, and as he came abreast he always smiled and called out a friendly good-day. But glancing back at the retreating figure, you became aware

of an unsteadiness in his gait and a strange uncertainty in the way he poked the road with the stick. A grand old man he was, chatty about general things whenever he stopped to talk and obviously widely travelled from what he said, and we called him the Bard because he lilted a tune while he trudged along, sometimes bursting into a song which revealed a resonance in his voice that suggested something mysterious out of his past life. But about himself he

was always strictly reserved. And often, when I had drawn him out so far that I hesitated before the question which would tear aside the veil of secrecy, he would turn the sightless eyes on me and smile, pointing up at the hills which surrounded Arranscaul: "They are blue and gray still?—They always were. I remember them since I was a boy."

Just that tantalizing morsel, which whetted my appetite for the rest of his story.

And then one day when he was very ill he sent for me, because I



was the only lawyer in the town.....

It was in a corner of a big department store on Fifth Avenue.

"Yes, madam. We have the same material in blues and grays."

Barry O'Gorman took down several rolls of cloth from a shelf overhead, but at that moment he was thinking more of the blue and gray shades which were settling just then on the hills around Arranscaul, with the

rising moon tossing shadows playfully down the glen and over the river. St. Patrick's Day . . . the boys and girls, and old people too, getting ready for the *ceilidhe* in the village school.

"I will arrange to have the windows measured tomorrow morning, madam."

Paul O'Connor would be taking his place at the piano tonight, and to be sure he would play the composition which Barry had written specially when he was leaving for America: "Farewell, Arranscaul." Tonight, in his apartment in the Bronx, he would play that tune over and over again to remind himself of all his old friends—a link of memory stretching across three thousand miles.

"Thank you, madam. I will have it done as soon as possible."

**B**UT when his customer had gone, a panic seized hold of Barry because he could not remember which color she had chosen for the hangings; and it would be such a substantial order lost to the firm that probably he would be dismissed for carelessness. Which would be a very serious matter for Barry just then. But he had her address, and it would be worth the risk of calling there to save his job. Snipping patterns off the various materials, he pushed them into his pocket. And when the store closed for the day he made his way at once across Central Park to Broadstone Mansions where she lived.

"I am very sorry to disturb you, Miss Allenson," Barry apologized when she came into the room where he had been waiting. "But I am afraid that I was rather careless in taking your order this afternoon and—"

She smiled at him kindly, making Barry more comfortable.

"I did think that you were somewhat inattentive."

"I believe I was day-dreaming," said Barry, feeling now that his job was more secure than it had seemed a while before. "Homesickness is very disturbing at times. But I have patterns, Miss Allenson, if you would be kind enough—" Barry hesitated. "Would I be rude, Miss Allenson, to say that you are so like Victorie Hudson?"

The other laughed outright.

"I will forgive you. But perhaps I am modest to prefer to be known off the stage by my real name, and you may believe that I dislike so much being stared at on the sidewalks that usually I wear something—disarming, shall I say?"

"Really?" Barry was overwhelmed. "But you needn't ever be modest

about your voice. It's very beautiful."

"Thank you for such a real compliment," she curtsied.

"I mean it sincerely," said Barry. "Though I've been in New York little more than a year, I've heard you sing many, many times at concerts. All my spare money goes that way. And I know 'Flowers of Broadway' practically by heart."

"Which is a nice tribute, indeed."

Barry was surprised that she blushed faintly before his enthusiasm when she rang for her maid to bring tea. Then she made him draw a chair over to the fire and they got chatting heartily.

"I would like to call you Barry," Victorie said. "And you are Irish, of course—with a name like that."

"That's what made me remiss in taking your order this afternoon," Barry smiled. "At home this is St. Patrick's Day—our National Saint's Festival—and I was picturing the folk there getting ready for the dance in the local schoolhouse—a *ceilidhe*, we call it. It's such great fun—everybody sings or dances or recites—and I always played the piano for the dances. I am afraid I'm somewhat musical myself—"

The cup of tea had dispelled all reserve between them and Barry found himself telling all about his love of music since he was a child and that the old schoolmaster in Arranscaul who was an accomplished musician, had said that he had talents which should be nurtured.

"And so I came to New York," said Barry. "I love music passionately, but I need money to devote all my time to it and I hope to make enough here to give me the leisure. I've written a few small things already and set them to music. One is to be published by a firm on Sixth Avenue—"

"You must play them for me now," said Victorie, leading him to a piano in a corner of the room.

Over and over again he played his compositions, simple songs of home and love, Victorie lilting and humming the airs with him, and when she broke into the words which he had scribbled out for her, the blood pounded and raced through Barry's veins.

And so had begun the partnership which made Barry O'Gorman famous as a composer and Victorie Hudson a soprano of world renown.

.....

It was many years afterwards . . . on a winter's night. Sitting before a big fire in a Boston hotel were Victorie and Barry—in private life, Mr. and Mrs. O'Gorman; their marriage in St. Patrick's Cathedral had been



an outstanding event in New York stage society life.

Barry's hair was turning gray and the lines of years were gathering about his face, but Victorie was growing old as graciously as Prima Donnas do.

Smiling across at her husband, Victorie had said: "I have suspected for a long time that you've had a confession to make."

And Barry had laughed back: "It has been nearly out several times—"

"I've surmised that it's an opera," said Victorie.

"I'm sure you will like it, dear," Barry returned, "because I am writing it for you. And I am going to call it simply 'Arranscaul.' A shame it is that in all these years I have not gone back there, but I've never forgotten the blue and gray shades which came down over the mountains when night was falling. I'm such a silly old sentimentalist," Barry broke off, laughing.

"But you can still write delightful music," whispered Victorie.

"I MUST put my best into this because the story demands it," Barry continued. "It is based on the legend of the Mass Rock in Arranscaul. Whenever I stood beside that stone—a slab of granite overgrown with moss and lichen—I pictured the story which my mother had told me. It had got its name from the Penal Days when Mass was prohibited all over Ireland by Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides. The churches then were ransacked and used as stables for the soldiers' horses, and the priests were hunted and put to death if discovered. But the people's faith was equal to the persecution; they sheltered priests at risk to their own lives, and Mass was celebrated for these good people on many bleak mountainsides with rocks like the one at Arranscaul as altars. Sentries posted on the heights surrounding those places chosen for the Mass gave warning by whistles if the soldiers approached. But on one occasion when Mass was being offered on this rock at Arranscaul a thick mist over the hills obscured the vision of the sentinels, and, just as the Ironsides were creeping up on them, a woman's voice rang out—singing a warning to them, to the priest and people down below, and they all had melted away before the soldiers could reach them, like the mists on the hills when the sun came out. It was a beautiful voice, like that of an angel. I hope I will be able to do justice to the story," ended Barry.

But tragedy came, sudden and terrible, to spoil Barry's plans. Their train back to New York was wrecked

in a collision. Victorie was killed instantly. And after six months Barry hobbled out of the hospital, blind.

For a year he roamed about New York, dispirited and hopeless, his friends endeavoring vainly to coax him back to his muse. And then he disappeared suddenly. . . .

I had to stoop low over the bed to hear the ending to the Bard's story.

"Nobody knew me here when I came back. I remembered some of the old people by name—we had been children together. But forty years—and being blind—must have made such a difference in me. I was glad that I had not been recognized because I wanted to finish my opera without distraction. It is finished

now"—and he went on to instruct me how he wished to dispose of his property and the royalties from the opera; a church was to be built beside the Mass Rock and he desired to endow a fund for children with musical talents who had not the means to develop them. And when he had finished his instructions, he smiled wanly: "Victorie and I, we met first on a St. Patrick's Day. Maybe . . ."

I realized what he meant a few days later. It was St. Patrick's Day and when I met Father MacCarroll coming out of the Bard's house, I read the message in the old priest's face. So the Bard's wish had been fulfilled. . . .

Quietly I breathed a prayer for the repose of his soul.

## If Winter Comes

By GERALD M. C. FITZGERALD

### 1.

Across the lawn and where the garden ends  
A gray Christ hangs against the lonely sky,  
And waits, as sunset's colors die,  
Companionship from such as are His friends.  
The early fading light cold beauty lends  
To copse and glen; crows, strangely silent, fly  
Across the whitened fields; no hopeful cry  
The brooding stillness breaks, no sunshine blends  
The frigid elements. Dear Christ, it seems  
The very snow upon Your arms and breast  
Now well portrays the texture of my dreams:  
My thoughts to Your clean nakedness impart  
No mantling warmth, frost-like my lips have pressed  
Your wounds—for I have winter in my heart.

### 2.

#### THEN SPRING SHALL FOLLOW AFTER

This morn along the arborvitae hedge  
Where stretched the last-held trenches of the snow,  
But mist remained: this noon the lawn-gripped ledge  
Was bare of ice; and in our oak a crow  
Kept silent watch, the while, on raiding bent,  
His mates were busy in the stubbled fields.  
The brook adown the glen, in full content,  
Sings now without repose, and singing, yields  
Her burdened song unto the darkling pond.  
Tonight robins upon the cedar-tops will sway  
As all things living to a touch respond  
They recognized as Life; and I, as they,  
A warming touch will feel beneath the Rood  
And lift my heart—a cup of gratitude.

# The Rebuilding of Society

In the Reconstruction of Our Failing Society a Conflict Is Inevitable Between the Church and the Proponents of Schemes That Will Interfere With Human Rights

By HILAIRE BELLOC

**I** APPROACH in this article what is at once the most important and the most difficult point in my series.

There cannot but come some conflict—probably at first obscure and indirect—between the Church and the attempts about to be made for the rebuilding of our now half-ruined society: a rebuilding of its economic system.

We have dealt amply in past articles of this series upon the crisis which our civilization has reached and the breakdown, now apparent even to the wilfully ignorant, of what is called "Industrial Capitalism."

A social system now so imperilled and so obviously threatened with ruin insistently demands rearrangement: society on its economic side must be rebuilt. That is quite certain. The task of reconstruction is inevitable and insistent. Even if those directing the modern industrialized nations shirked their duty, the force of opinion, things, society's instinct for survival, would, after perhaps a period of revolution and chaos, of itself compel a constructive effort. Now with the world as it is, that effort will be undertaken out of tune with Catholic morals and tradition.

In this divergence between what the Catholic Church lays down and insists upon as the social duty of man, and the various schemes that may be produced for the reconstruction of our failing society, conflict will certainly arise again between the Church and the world. That conflict may be vital and fundamental or it may, if people wake up in time, be only partial and ultimately subject to arrangement, but conflict of some sort is inevitable. It is certain that some at least of the schemes for rebuilding society will be at variance with Catholic teaching. Such schemes will tend to interfere with the Family or with human dignity so much that Catholics will more and more oppose them, and the conflict between the Church and the world will appear once more in the political field. For such a coming conflict, though it has not yet appeared on the surface of public life, we must be prepared.

What that evil is from which we

are suffering is now so very well known that it needs no further description: least of all does it need further description here where it has been so fully dealt with on previous pages. It is an evil under which most men live lives so insecure, or (even when they find employment) lives led upon so insufficient a supply of human necessities, that their situation has become intolerable.

This evil has at its base certain conditions which between them have given rise to it. These conditions are political freedom coupled with the lack of economic freedom. The ultimate root of the whole thing is, of course, false religion. False religion, including the negation of religion and the false philosophy which always follows upon false religion, has proclaimed individual wealth to be the main social object. It has ignored the family. It has also ignored the right of human beings to certain human material necessities. It has enforced contract without noting whether the contract were just and free.

It has thus put things in the wrong order with the tragic results we see before us.

The ultimate error of our social system can thus be stated in terms of religion; but the immediate conditions, or causes, of our misfortunes are not capable of direct definition in religious terms. They are, rather, economic; and the main one is the ill distribution of property in the means of production among the families of the State.

**W**HEN the means of production—that is, land and stores of food, clothing and other necessities, housing and the machines for the making of further wealth—are in few hands; when the control of them is in the hands of a minority; then the dispossessed, the majority who have no control over the land or the machinery, are at the mercy of the owners.

Even so, a society so constituted is stable if the dispossessed are compelled by direct law to work for the possessors. But if the dispossessed are free citizens, living under laws

which treat them as the equals of the possessors, and if the working of the industrial machine is left open to unrestricted competition from the same ideal of freedom, then things at last become impossible. The number of those who control the means of production will under competition get less and less, the number of the dispossessed (who can live only by leave of the possessors) becomes more and more, the industrial machine works with less and less real social efficiency, however much its efficiency in production may increase. For though you double or treble the total amount of wealth, that is of no social service if you do not equally increase the general power of obtaining and consuming that wealth by the masses.

**U**NDER this increasing lack of efficient arrangements there appear whole armies of unemployed which become at last so great a proportion of the whole community that the stability of society is menaced.

Moreover, such a situation is manifestly and cryingly unjust. Men in theory the equals of their fellow citizens are subject in practice to coercion by those fellow citizens and live under the increasing threat of complete destitution, to be staved off only, and imperfectly, by public assistance and relief, under the irksome restraint of public officials who administer such relief.

There are only two ways out of a situation of this kind. If the ill distribution of property, coupled with complete freedom of competition, has created such evils one of the two factors or causes of these evils must be removed, for in combination they lead to the ruin of the State. Either we must remove freedom or we must remove the bad distribution of control over the means of production. But the short name for control over the means of production is property.

Either then we must get a better distribution of property or we must eliminate property.

But property is a condition of freedom. Where property disappears slavery, partial or total, disguised or open, takes its place. To insist either



directly or indirectly on forced labor is to re-establish slavery under whatever name the reform is called. It is a solution; for it gets rid of insufficiency and insecurity. But it is a solution purchased at the price of freedom.

This solution of our present troubles may take one of two forms. You may have slavery to the State or you may have slavery to a special class of owners.

Slavery to the State is called Communism. Communism, as we know, the Church irrevocably and of her very nature condemns; we have gone at length into the reasons for that in past articles.

But what of the other form? Labor organized for the advantage of a possessing class? Laws may be passed such that the dispossessed shall be compelled *indirectly* to work for the advantage of the possessors. Laws of that kind are arising on all sides in our industrialized modern capitalist societies. They appear in the form of beneficent restrictions, minimum hours, a minimum wage, family allowances, statutory holidays and the rest. They are welcomed by most well-meaning people as palliating the cruelties of Capitalism. They are welcomed by the victims themselves. The victims of capitalism accept as a boon—naturally—the legal enforcement of minimum hours, a minimum wage and the rest of the program. They either do not perceive (or if they do so, are indifferent) that such contrivances are making directly for servitude. They may reply that their present condition is one of virtual servitude. They must work for the capitalists or starve. Servitude under regulated and tolerable conditions is preferable to the present conditions of life with a proletariat under competitive exploitation.

**W**ELL and good. There is a great deal to be said for this way of returning to slavery. There is so much to be said for it that modern governments are taking it up upon all sides—especially in England, but also more and more elsewhere. Even in France, where the passion for individual liberty is so strong, these "social laws" have appeared and propose to go further. There are, I say, strong tendencies to confirm and increase this change and it is welcomed by many. But let them not forget that what they are welcoming is the reinforcement, the safeguarding, and the confirmation, of capitalism as an enduring mark of future society, and that such a movement necessarily ends in forced labor.

There is another solution. It is that

which eliminates not freedom but destitution. It is the solution of our problems arrived at by making for a wider and wider distribution of property, in which a *determining number* of owning families, of possessors, control the land and machinery, and thus living in economic freedom give their tone to the whole of society.

**W**E MEAN by a *determining number* not a mere majority, but such a proportion as gives its tone to the whole of society. A society will be a society of owners securely based on property and freedom though some still remain proletarian. It is obvious that the smaller the anomalous exception the better; but the essential is that there should be *enough* owners to determine the character of society.

Now to which solution will Catholics in the near future incline? The Church condemns and will always condemn Communism. But the Church has not (or does not) condemn industrial capitalism as such; nor has she condemned those arrangements under industrial capitalism which would lead ultimately to the fixed subjection of the dispossessed to the possessors and to the enslavement of the dispossessed for the advantage of the possessors.

Here we must go very carefully. It is of the first importance not to confuse the divine function of the Church of God with particular political or economic schemes. The Church is here to define, maintain, preserve and exalt the nature of man, thereby securing the salvation of men's souls. It is no part of the Church's function to support any one economic or political scheme as such. It can only condemn economic and political schemes which are openly founded, as Communism is, on false morals.

Let it be remembered that the Church never in so many words condemned slavery during those many centuries when slavery was the very basis of civilized society, that is, in the long six and seven centuries during which the Christian religion was capturing and transforming our civilization. Slavery subsisted for generation upon generation long after the West of Europe—all that we call Christendom—had become universally Catholic: slavery in the modified form of serfdom—that is of labor which was compulsory indeed on occasion and under strict rules for the benefit of others, but not connected with the buying and selling of human beings nor permitting the disruption of the family.

The Church very gradually emancipated the slave and turned him

into the free farmer. That was the process which the Christian centuries pursued from the Dark Ages unceasingly through the Middle Ages. But the action of the Church in all this was indirect. The change took place because the Church could not but protect the family. Because she regarded the souls of men as equal in their ultimate rights and fate as equal. It was the spirit of the Catholic Church, not direct legal or political definition, which enfranchised the mass of Christian men and gradually destroyed the pagan inheritance of slavery among them.

Society is now manifestly slipping back towards slavery either in the form of Communism which the Church openly condemns or in the form of labor regulation which would gradually, obscurely, unconsciously, but most certainly, reverse the long process of ascent out of slavery into freedom.

Laws which limit the number of hours which the wage earner may work, laws which fix a minimum wage and the rest of it, must mean in the long run the right of those who fix the minimum wage and the hours of labor to insist upon the labor being done.

**S**UCH palliatives relieve the strain of society for a time and may make it ultimately stable, but they do so at the expense of dividing society into two classes, the exploited and the exploiters. They crystallize the difference between two categories of citizens and they must inevitably lead in the long run to the recognition, openly and by law, of two classes in the State, the one working for the benefit of the other under regulation and therefore under a form of compulsion.

The alternative system which the Church has never directly favored nor pronounced upon—and perhaps never will—is that system of well-divided property which we have just considered. It is the system upon which agricultural work is done either by individual free farmers owning their own land and their own implements of agriculture, or co-operating in groups of such. It is the system by which industrial work of all kinds is done either by families of craftsmen who possess their own means of livelihood, or by a combination of these in co-operation, the proper name for which is "The Guild."

When all Europe was Catholic the Guild in the industrial world became universal. All that men did with instruments—their carpentering, their masonry, their weaving and the rest—was mainly in the

hands of Guilds who possessed the instruments of their own toll. Even the very large enterprises could not be undertaken without the co-operation of the Guild. It was the Guild which reconciled the principle of property, that is of economic freedom, with the use of centralized machinery and control.

There is little doubt that if we applied Catholic social principles to our own disturbed society today we should end by having the Guild everywhere in industry. Even where the largest concentrations of capital are necessary (as for instance in a great railway system), the Guild would be found at work. The various activities of the railway men would be performed under rules and regulations of the various Guilds to which they belonged and of the big general guild chartered by the State of which anyone who wished to work on the railway would have to be a member.

This form of society which is called in Europe today "The Corporate State" is that to which Catholic principles seem most naturally to lead. A society in which the industrial work was done by free men in co-operation, by families who were co-operative owners of the instruments with which they worked, and side by side with these of free farmers owning their own land and tilling it with their own instruments, a society in which the distributors also (that is, the storekeepers and

the merchants) were organized in Guilds — regulating competition among them and preventing the destruction of small ownership—would be the natural outcome of a society filled with Catholic social principles.

But we must here note two things. First that the erection of such a society would be a slow business; secondly, that we cannot and never ought to expect the Church, however much she may encourage it, to give any system her specific definition and theological sanction.

A truly Catholic society would produce the free farmer and the free Guildsman as it is producing them in Portugal today, and as it has produced them, so far as the land is concerned, in Ireland also; but you will never get and ought not to expect a theological definition creating such a society. It must come of itself by the instinct of a Catholic society.

**B**UT because the creation of such a society must be slow men will tend and are already tending to the short-cut of partial or complete Communism. With that short-cut the Church must necessarily come into conflict. When those who would rebuild the world too rapidly come to quarrel—as they cannot but come to quarrel—with those who would more guardedly rebuild it, the rash and too precipitate reformers of social things come at the same time into conflict with the Church and

with the worst enemies of the Faith, the defenders of usury, exploitation and oppression.

The Faith cannot but in the economics of our society, as she has in the province of education, defend the unit of the family against the collectivist idea. She will *indirectly* foster freedom as a condition of right living. More than that we cannot expect of the Church and by so much as we may rightly hope that the indirect effect of Catholic society and morals will lead to a sound and happy society based upon well-distributed property and therefore on freedom, by so much we must beware of expecting a more direct action of the Church upon social rearrangements.

It would have been a great relief, and even a sort of triumph to many of us, if the Church had pronounced directly in recent years for what is called "Distributism"—that is the better distribution of ownership and means of production until the mass of society takes its tone from the great number of secure families in possession of land or machines or both. But to ask for such relief would be to ask the Church to go outside her province, and that we cannot do. We can only confidently wait her indirect action towards the re-establishment of human dignity which false philosophy has ruined by establishing the pagan abominations of industrial capitalism.

### Bonnet to the Communists

They say that they want peace. But discarding all their old doctrines they claim that that peace cannot be obtained unless France intervenes on every battlefield. Look, gentlemen, at the *Humanité* (French Communist daily) during the last year, at the various resolutions of the party: Intervention in China, intervention in Spain, intervention in Central Europe, conflict with Germany, conflict with Italy and, so as better to assure victory, daily insults to the British Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

M. Georges Bonnet, Foreign Minister of France

### Necessary Warning

The following notice has been seen in the lounge of a golf club in Scotland: "Players are particularly requested not to pick up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."

From the "Farmers' Journal"

### Gallup of the Poll

His (Dr. George H. Gallup) greatest delusion is that he can forecast the stock market. His greatest fear, that a competitor will enter his field and be dishonest with the figures. His greatest devotion, to his family, his home and his Church. He says, "I could prove God statistically. Take the human body alone—the chance that all the functions of an individual would just happen is a statistical monstrosity."

From "The Human Yardstick" by Willson Rich in the "Saturday Evening Post"

### Succors of the Mind

Mr. Belloc referred once (I think in a passage on fear) to "the succors of the mind." The Catholic body in England cannot compel, or even influence largely and immediately, the society in which it lives. By the strength of the *use* it should and could do so ultimately, but that is not the present point. Working folk are the infantry of the Church. They are suffering an attack of unprecedented violence and malice. Their bodies are beaten down to the mud of servile work and destitution, their souls to the mud of despair. It seems somewhat inadequate to attempt to raise and stiffen them by telling them not to be Communists, or by echoing the claim of the Trade Unions to a living wage. They need in full measure *the succors of the mind*. They need the vision, not of isolated brickwork, but of the City of God.

Harold Robbins in "The Sun of Justice"

### Best Behavior

I hear that in one of the new blocks of flats near the Marble Arch, among the regulations for the tenants occurs the injunction "No religious services or immorality permitted in these flats."

From "Talking at Random" in the "Tablet" of London

### Slight Error

Pastor T. P. Seibenmann advertised "Seats Free" at Centenary Methodist Church and witnessed a startling influx of worshippers. He looked again at his church notice. A letter was missing. It read, "Eats Free."

Associated Press Dispatch

# AT MASS

By Theodore Maynard



*Love, a fire no floods can quench,  
Love, a might that could unclench  
Death's grim-fisted iron glove—  
Such a love now calls to love.*

*Pleading for Jerusalem  
Still the thorns that brow begem;  
Still stretch out those wounded hands;  
Still the cross uplifted stands.*

*As upon the skull-shaped hill  
Here is He love's Victim still,  
Drawing all men to His side,  
God and Man, the Crucified.*

*Placarded among the spears  
And the mob that roars and jeers,  
Here His tragic journey ends  
All deserted by His friends,*

*All but those who stand apart—  
John of thunder-bolted heart,  
Her whose devils were outcast,  
And His mother first and last.*

*Now the prophets' words are crowned:  
David's Son is stripped and bound;  
All He suffered since His birth  
Rays upon and shakes the earth.*

*Here the manger; here the flight  
Into Egypt through the night;  
And the doctors dumb with awe  
When the Word fulfills the Law.*



Here the years at Nazareth—  
 Quiet life awaiting death—  
 Busy days with axe and adze,  
 One among the village lads.

Now the crowds that round Him pressed,  
 Seeking and forbidding rest;  
 Parables that pierced and shone  
 Through the breast they lighted on.

Now the hungry mouths are fed  
 With the undiminished bread,  
 As Samaria's woman durst  
 Living water for her thirst.

Now the blind man rubs his eyes  
 Dazzled by astounding skies;  
 Lazarus stumbles from the dead  
 With the cere-cloth round his head.

Now the ride, the palms, the shout—  
 Almost do the stones cry out!—  
 While the priests look sneering down:  
 And the King shall have His crown!

In the upper room He takes  
 Bread and blesses it and breaks,  
 And the wine within the cup  
 With the body offered up.

Gnawn the traitor creeps to do  
 All that he has pledged him to;  
 In the blood-dewed garden see  
 Flaring torches suddenly!

Then the whips, the iron goad  
 As He staggers with His load;  
 And He hangs upon the nails  
 Till the sun in heaven quails.

"It is finished!" comes the cry;  
 They who watched have seen Him die:  
 Watching still they see the adored  
 Risen and triumphant Lord.

On the bloodless Calvary  
 In a distant dawn are we,  
 Yet the Victim sacrificed  
 Is the eternal Victor, Christ.

Time's dimensions fade: conjoint  
 Now with Then, a fiery point,  
 Piercing show the Lamb again  
 Ere the world's foundations slain

And His people, bowed, intent,  
 Breathless at the Sacrament,  
 Branched and growing in the Vine,  
 Feed on mystic bread and wine.

Though its turbulence and wrath  
 Now as founts of peace flow forth,  
 Though the soldiers clad in steel  
 Yield to those who humbly kneel,

These impassioned minutes hold  
 Timeless ages shrined in gold,  
 As upon the gallows hill  
 God for man is offered still.

# The Grail Movement

Through the Variety of Activities in Which Its Members Engage, the Grail Movement Has Accomplished Much For Catholic Young Women in Many Countries

By JOSEPH B. McALLISTER, S.S.



Left: Leaders of a group of Grail hikers consult a map to find their way

Below: The Tiltenberg — Motherhouse of the Ladies of Nazareth, founders of the Grail Movement



I MET the Grail at Worcester College, Oxford, during the Summer School of Liturgical Music. At the daily Solemn Mass, at lectures and meetings, on Oxford's noisy streets, this little group of young women could be seen. They belonged, I was told, to an organization of Catholic girls called the Grail, and their originality was not confined to the bold use of color which distinguished their cloaks. "If you doubt it," said a friend, "come and see them dance Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*. Of course it will be nothing compared to the performance twelve hundred Grail girls gave last May, in London; but you may be interested in the way they use plain-song." I left the Clarendon Hotel, after the demonstration, more astonished than ever. Such originality bespoke vitality, and I discovered that this was the Grail's chief characteristic. A few years after their foundation, in Holland, the Movement was in four countries, preparing to go into a fifth, and numbered twenty thousand members.

The Grail Movement was born in sorrow, at a time which the older members of the Ladies of Nazareth avoid remembering. Just when their work, in 1926, among non-Catholics seemed most flourishing, they were ordered to give it up and to look after Catholic girls who had left school. This new work was begun in Amsterdam. Three Ladies of Nazareth rented a small house and gathered in girls from all over this industrious Holland city. That was the first unit of the Grail. Founded and supervised by the Ladies of Nazareth, this organization of Catholic girls was called the Grail because of its dedication to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

The Grail organizes Catholic girls of over thirteen years of age, of all ranks and occupations, into a united company, an élite corps in that vast army which Pope Pius XI summoned forth to fight God's cause. It is the response of young women to the Holy Father's appeal for Catholic Action. As part of the laity it collaborates with the Hierarchy, divinely commissioned to teach and sanctify, in two ways: first, by zeal for personal holiness and the development of natural talents, and, secondly, by serving others, in order to restore all things in Christ.

On every side have arisen mighty youth movements for girls, to prepare them for life

in their new world. Not all of them have been irreligious or inspired by pagan ideals; but some have been and are. In any of them the Catholic girl is in the way of being weaned from her religious convictions and practices. Her natural place is in a movement that will glorify the Catholic ideal of womanhood and help her achieve it. And this is what the organization, or movement, called the Grail is trying to do.

At the heart of the Grail is a spiritual nucleus, energizing the entire organism, maintaining the purpose and the inner spirit of the whole. This centre is composed of the Ladies of Nazareth (in England, the Ladies of the Grail), the women who began the Grail movement. However, it is important to notice that these Ladies are not the Grail. They govern, but do not constitute, its membership. The Grail remains an important activity of their vowed religious life of complete dedication.

Unlike the Ladies of the Grail, ordinary members take no vows. They continue to live at home and in most respects as they did before joining the Movement, except that now they devote their spare time and energy to the cause, and share, according to rank, in the spirit that radiates from the centre. Furthest removed from the central nucleus are the aspirants. They are on the organization's fringe, and stay there for six months—till they have proved their seriousness and earned the right to wear the Grail uniform or badge. They can advance to the next rank only if they study, live as good Catholics, fulfill all their duties.

Then, after a year's aspirantship, do they become initiated members and make the Grail promise. It does not bind under sin but appeals to the member's loyalty and fidelity for life. She promises to be faithful to God and to live by the teachings of His Church, to make every sacrifice He wants, to give thanks for His mighty works, and, in spite of all, to do His will. She promises to foster pure joyous love of neighbor, beginning with her immediate family and relations but not excluding fellow workers, students, and civil authorities. She plights allegiance to the Grail, obedience to her leaders and co-operation to fellow workers.

**T**HERE is the further promise that, if she marries, she will live by God's law. Some few members, with higher aspirations, make a solemn promise to specialize in charity. Their ideal is sacrifice and expiation and union with the sufferings of Christ

and His Mystical Body. They perform acts of penance and mortification and attend daily Mass. Closest to the centre are those members, who, more generous still, seek to fulfill, under a spiritual director, the duties of religion as perfectly as they can. They receive Holy Communion every morning and daily perform three acts of mortification, visit the Blessed Sacrament and for fifteen minutes either read a spiritual book or meditate. They are obliged, also, to rise each morning promptly at a set hour, fixed the night before.

These undertakings of the ordinary Grail member show clearly that it is a fundamentally religious movement quite distinct from Girl Scouts or, and much more so, the national regimentation of German or Italian girls. Membership in the Grail involves leading no ordinary life. The Movement has no use for weak-willed people who crave leadership as a line of least resistance. In Bishop Myers' words, "the Grail calls for a closer following of the Cross. It demands that we should use all our energies in the service of God, and there can be no true Grail life without the exercise of self-discipline."

The Grail's insistence on mortification, however, is no formulary of gloom. Rather it is a program of happiness. For, aware of the freedom which comes with self-mastery pledged to an ideal, the girls glory in a new kind of happiness. Every Grail house has its chapel. A glimpse into it on any important occasion, outing, demonstration or festivity, reveals one of the girls offering herself in union with Christ in the tabernacle. "Let me preach Thee," prays this official delegate, "without preaching, not by words, but by my example, by the catching force, the sympathetic influence of what I do, the evident fullness of the love my

heart bears to Thee." It is inspiring.

Catholic to the core, the Grail strives to perfect the whole person, body and mind as well as soul. There are gymnastics and swimming clubs and camping and boating, lacrosse, tennis, netball and hockey. In the field of education, courses are offered in practically every subject. Of all these efforts toward spiritual and intellectual and physical culture, the Grail is perhaps most known in its dramatical performances—not as usually understood but in the new forms which its originality and fearlessness have produced.

In the beginning, Shakespeare, Vondel, Rostand, Ghéon were tried—and abandoned. "We felt urged to depart from the usual idea of acting. Our end was not so much to be good actors as to give expression to our ideals in a manner at once stimulating, true and beautiful. Gradually the idea of the 'stage' fell into the background and we sought new methods."

Amsterdam, on All Saints, 1930, witnessed a first attempt in new methods—a spectacle more stirring than the Lourdes candle-light procession, said those who had seen both. For here the stillness of eve-



Grail players engaged in a performance of Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven"



ning peace was unmarred, indeed intensified, as six hundred Grail girls walked slowly along the canals in silence. The water mirrored the girls and their colored lanterns but gave no inkling of the prayer in their hearts: that they might ever shine out, too, as a light to all the world. The idea spread and now, on November first, similar demonstrations involving thousands of young women occur in Holland towns and villages. It is a profession of belief in the Communion of Saints, which has charmed and edified onlookers, for the most part non-Catholic.

ON WHITSUNDAY, 1932, Amsterdam's stadium was a maze of circles, convolutions and straight lines. The stage was set for the Grail's most ambitious effort. In the brilliant pageant ten thousand girls (recall the Grail was only a few years old) sang and danced on the theme of St. Paul's ultimatum: "If I speak with the tongues of angels and have not charity. . . ." The Bishop of Haarlem was impressed. "No one could doubt," he said, "that this vast army of young women with radiant faces was out to conquer the world by its apostolate, in accordance with the wishes of the Holy Father."

In 1933 one thousand Dutch girls joined their German comrades, who had grown to four hundred in the two years since Bishop Schreiber had brought the Grail into his Berlin diocese. After receiving Holy Communion the girls went to Berlin's Sports Palace for a demonstration. It roused the enthusiasm of the correspondent for the *Universe*: "The girls moved with the precision of an army and they recited, sometimes all together, sometimes in groups of several hundreds, the verses of the play. How these Dutch girls had been taught to say these beautiful verses in German, and to sing psalms and canticles in Latin and to express them in beautiful rhythmical dances remains the secret of those who taught them. Their proclamation of their determination to win the world for Christ the King was sublime, and when the whole audience joined with them in singing the lovely canticle (it was January 8), 'Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,' the impression was overpowering."

The Grail is active in Germany even at the present time. The work of the movement in that country follows the general lines of Catholic Action as carried out elsewhere. In the *Grail Magazine*, some of the aims and activities of the Grail in Germany were recently listed.

(1) The foundation and spreading of the Grail Movement.

(2) The publication, on very modern and attractive lines, of a magazine for young Catholics.

(3) Work among young intellectuals (especially students and graduates of various universities).

(4) Work on similar lines among Catholic artists.

(5) Liturgical work, i.e., encouraging the growth of the liturgical movement by formation of groups to study the theory and practice of liturgical worship.

Several dramatic performances have also been staged in Germany: the "Rorate" Advent Play in 1932; in 1934, "Jedermann" (Everyman), followed in 1936 by a German edition of "The Royal Road of the Cross."

When Cardinal Bourne invited the Ladies of Nazareth to England in 1932 their first interest was to organize the Grail Movement among Catholic girls of the diocese of Westminster and Southwark. Here too the drama was sometimes used in their apostolate. In November, 1933, at Albert Hall, five hundred Grail members presented the fifteenth-century morality play *Everyman*. To banish self-assertiveness the *dramatis personae* appeared as groups and spoke to the accompaniment of the organ. Wide-eyed Londoners saw the *Dies Irae*, the *Media Vita*, the *In Paradisum* interpreted by rhythmic motion—mediaeval plain-chant expressed in motion! That needed explanation, which Lady Cecil Kerr hastened to give. "Such movements are indeed prayer—a type of prayer as old as the Christian liturgy, and, as the play itself is a dramatic representation of everlasting truth, so these choric interpretations . . . give expression to inmost feelings which the liturgical chants aim at arousing."

The Grail may be said to be a pioneer in rhythmical movement to plain-chant music. The twofold praise of music and words becomes a trinity, as body together with voice and heart praise God. Gesture, one of the oldest forms of human expression, is thus dedicated to God's service—as in the ritual of the Mass.

ALBERT HALL was to see another and more striking presentation by the Grail. It was May, 1936. Twelve hundred members gave a unique performance of Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven*. The poem was not "cut," though additions were made, such as the contemplative and angelic choirs, the Voice of God, groups of children, three psalms most appropriate to the theme. These additions, said Dr. John F. Vance, "never strayed from Thompson's actual movement of thought. The choirs act

as a Greek Chorus, explaining, enforcing, interpreting and softening the greater dramatic effects." As in *Everyman* the *dramatis personae* were impersonal groups. The part of the soul was taken by seven players, while the "Hound of Heaven Choir," which recited the words of the poem, numbered seventy-five. Of angels there was a great multitude, and the Voice of God was taken by a group of three hundred!

An obvious question is why do the girls of the Grail undertake these gigantic performances and insist on their impersonal character? Paradoxical though it be, the answer is—because the Grail insists on personal development. Convinced that a more communal spirit has replaced Victorian individualism, the members of the Grail think self-expression finds amplest outlet in the discipline of the group. Further, in these dramatic and choric productions all that is most modern and beautiful can be used in behalf of the apostolate, to bring truth to the world. However, no one realizes better than the Grail that group action can convey impressively the truths that each one longs to impart only in so far as it voices the sincere conviction of every individual.

MORE than its other activities, the drama has brought the Grail Movement before the public. Yet the drama is but one branch of its many useful activities. Though less spectacular, the other work of the Grail is of more importance. Groups (called "cells"), are formed in factories and shops, with the result of a definite change in tone among the workers and often improved working conditions. Grail members visit hospitals, organize entertainments and do what they can to minister to the sick and poor of their parish. They collect parcels of clothes and shoes, which they give to Sisters for distribution. They raise money for orphan children. They make garments for poor people and "adopt" children, to clothe them.

In England's depressed areas, besides the ordinary measures of relief, the Grail has given instruction in various handicrafts with a view to rehabilitating the jobless. In a very real sense the Grail Movement may be considered as dedicated to the social ideal. Even activities solely for the girl's individual spiritual and physical culture cannot be condemned as selfish and anti-social. For they all envisage the young girl member as wife and mother, the soul of the basically social institution we call the family, where she will relish and fulfill her vocation.



PUBLISHERS' PHOTO SERVICE

View of Rio de Janeiro. An immense statue of Christ, 110 feet high, with arms extended in the form of a cross, can be seen on the peak of the mountain overlooking the city

## Catholics and Latin America

By RANDALL POND

For several years now I have been thinking along the lines suggested recently by the Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Thorning in his article "Brazil and American Catholic Co-operation," published in the February issue of *THE SIGN*.

My thoughts, however, were not primarily concerned with Brazil. They were concerned with all of Latin America since recent events have borne out points I have made in private conversation time and again—that we Catholics are woefully out of step in Latin American affairs and are not doing very much to repair the gaps in our knowledge.

Perhaps some will say that this is too harsh a judgment, that we can raise a respectable group of scholars for any occasion and make a good showing. If such objectors will simply take paper and pencil in hand and list the scholars of our Church in the United States who are familiar with the history and culture of Latin America I am almost certain that they will have to agree with

me. No list of names that I can write down has ever got past six or eight; and then I've never been sure that all the names connoted authority in the material.

Let me carry this argument a step further. At the last meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association, held at the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, last December, it was announced that next year's (1939) meeting would be held in Washington and that the papers read there would deal with Latin America. The general topic is to be "Catholic Contributions to Culture in the South American Republics."

In writing the following lines, it should be clearly understood that I am not attempting to belittle the aims of the Association nor to raise foolish objections to a series of papers that are badly needed if American Catholics are to understand what really great contributions their fellow worshippers have made to the cultural background of South America. At the same time, I

feel it right and proper to raise in a magazine such as *THE SIGN* a question or two that must be fearlessly answered if the Washington papers are to constitute real contributions to knowledge that all students of Latin America, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, may turn to for scholarly reference.

First of all, nine countries must be considered. These are Columbia, Peru, Ecuador, Chile, Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Brazil and Bolivia. As I understand the plan, one scholar will be chosen for each country and will be expected to prepare a paper that can be read in a half-hour. Now the term "South American Republics" must include, as I see it, all the history of the republics since independence from Spain was achieved. The earliest date this can touch in most of the countries will be 1823; the latest in a few others, 1826.

In other words, the American Catholic scholar chosen for the task must prepare a paper of a half-

hour's duration on a period covering approximately 115 years! Again, the term "cultural contributions" would seem to include everything that the Catholic Church has done to promote science, art, religion, literature, architecture, and a dozen other things that must be listed as contributions to culture. Taking this task as it stands, does anyone really believe that such a paper will be a contribution to our knowledge of the Church's work in South America? Isn't it more likely that we shall succeed only in compiling a mass of facts, many of which will be difficult to label as specifically "Catholic" as we intend to use the term? Can we present these papers to our co-workers in the field of Latin American history and culture and say truthfully: "Here are things you overlooked, deliberately or otherwise. We are going to give you competition now. Look to your laurels."

I'm afraid not. The new president of the American Catholic Historical Association, Dr. Carlos Castañeda of the University of Texas, knows the situation far better than I. His monumental work on the Catholic background of the history of Texas is placing him out front as the best Catholic scholar in the Latin American field. But would he attempt a paper on 115 years of Bolivian or Brazilian or Chilean Catholic cultural history, even if he had the time? I do not think so. Nor do I think even he, who knows the field so well, can call together nine American Catholics who have the time and the training necessary for the task at hand.

The main purpose of this article was not a discussion of the aims of next December's papers to be presented in Washington. I am more interested in the "Why" of the situation which presents itself when the plans of the Catholic group are discussed. In other words, why haven't we the scholars? Why is there a dearth of books by American Catholics on Latin American topics? Why in our rôle in this important field of learning confined almost entirely to defensive, carping criticisms of volumes produced by our non-Catholic contemporaries?

**T**HERE are reasons why we are running a poor second in the field. Educationally, we are handicapped, as always, by lack of money. It may be said that we are only beginning to come into our own as graduate students today. Everyone knows that real research and solid advance come only at the graduate level and our financial difficulties are still so numerous as to keep us

from producing up to our capabilities in graduate work.

Again, we live in a country whose roots are chiefly Anglo-Saxon and Protestant. For centuries Spain, the Catholic champion, fought England, the Protestant leader. It is not difficult to trace in our textbooks the anti-Spanish bias that has been ground into us all, even though we be staunch Catholics who should admire Spain for her great contributions to the preservation of the Faith.

**W**HILE we have taken years to reach this happy state, many Protestants long ago plunged in to pluck the rich treasures of history that we refused to accept as our own. Look at the roll call of their names: Herbert Bolton, William S. Robertson, James A. Robertson, J. Fred Rippey, Charles Hackett, Charles Chapman, Herbert Priestley, Irving Leonard, John Lanning, Lillian Fisher, Arthur Whitaker, Mary Williams, Dana Munro, Wilfrid Calcott, A. C. Wilgus, Isaac Cox, Philip Means, Roger Merriman, Bernard Moses and a score more of men and women who have written books, attained fame, and blazed a trail that should be ours by every argument one can name!

Now that we have recognized the situation, what can be done about it? Well, it is long, slow work, but that should not discourage us. We must begin, I suppose, by forming a central group similar to the Hispanic American History section of the American Historical Association, with whom we should co-operate on all occasions. Next, a quarterly publication must be founded so that scholarly work in the field will not go unrecognized by the leading authorities. Relations must be built up with historical and cultural associations in Latin America so that the exchange of students, professors and literature will be encouraged.

We must offer courses in Latin American history and culture in our colleges and universities. How few and scattered are such courses today! There is need of a handbook of history, written by Catholics who understand what Catholics everywhere believe. We could make a beginning along these lines by publishing a number of essays, very much as Dr. Wilgus does with his George Washington University publications of essays by leading scholars in the field. A handbook of Latin American Church history could be compiled. Perhaps a beginning should be made with Mexico, for we have there something to start with in the Rev. Mariano Cuevas's *Historia de la Iglesia en México* in five volumes.

This could be condensed, translated into English, and then arranged with dates, biographical material, and simple bibliographies which would be of use to schools and study clubs.

I believe it is too soon for anyone to attempt a textbook of Latin America. There are several secular histories that, apart from errors of religious fact arising out of ignorance or prejudice, are adequate for the purpose of the well-trained teacher. We must, however, get into the habit of questioning every fact which appears to be a distortion of truth as regards the Church and its ministers; and we must adopt the same attitude regarding the work of Spain in her American dominions. I could fill a book with citations of falsehoods in the volumes of men and women who, consciously or unconsciously, have done us and our faith great harm by repeating calumnies that a sixth grader in Catholic schools would never accept.

**S**URELY here is a task worthy of the great and powerful North American Church. Here is a challenge that should bring out the best in the clerical and lay scholars who have turned their eyes toward the history of the Church in all ages and all climes. The United States was never more interested in Latin America than it is today. The whole world is watching the interplay of Fascism and Communism in the lands of our southern neighbors. Trade rivalries of Germany, Italy, Japan, England and the United States were never keener than at the present moment; they will become increasingly so with the passage of time.

Here, then, is our great opportunity. We must roll up our sleeves, plunge into this almost unknown ocean that we have avoided for so long. We must breast the waves, match stroke for stroke with our non-Catholic colleagues who have for so long outdistanced us as authorities in this rich field. We must get our facts, write our books, teach our classes here and in Latin America, get our fellowships and scholarships, our governmental appointments, the recognition that must come if we are outstanding in all the departments which have been almost unknown to us.

We cannot fail. We never have yet. And I know, from happy experience, that the pages of *THE SIGN* will ever be open to those who carry the message of the Church and the story of the contributions which its Spanish and Hispanic-American children have made to the history of their bright and lovely lands.





FRANCO'S TROOPS AND TARRAGONA CITIZENS AT OPEN-AIR MASS

PENINSULAR NEWS PHOTO

## After Barcelona

It Is Time We Became Realists About  
the Nationalist Victory in Spain

By JOHN E. KELLY

**T**RUTH is great and shall prevail. The age-old adage was proven again when Verity smote General Propaganda such a blow in the taking of Barcelona that even those papers most addicted to the Red Cause found their columns reciting the heartfelt joy of Barcelona's populace at the sight of Franco's men, of the starved civilians, weeping with relief, throwing their arms about their deliverers and shouting "At last we are in Spain again!" A thousand pages of stories that Barcelona would resist to the last man, of the undying unity of the Catalonians against the "Fascists," went writhing into the wastebasket.

The lie, born of cowardice and desperation, that the "Loyalist Government" had permitted full liberty of worship, fled Moscowward, as correspondents with the Nationalist troops found the churches burned, filled with debris, their shattered walls shrinking from Marxist posters proclaiming "there is no God." The myth of a bloodthirsty army, coming to put Barcelona to the sword, slunk away from the spectacle of the uniformed conquerors on their knees, bowed in prayer before the resurrected Cross.

But Propaganda is the Reds' best General, a wily antagonist. Beaten in Spain, he prepares a new offensive.

He will fight on ground of his own choosing, a site well prepared. He has a greater stake than Spain to strive for; his masters would trade the world for the United States; he feels confident here. Even Barcelona's loss shall be a weapon in his armory. The Red troops retreating ingloriously toward the French frontier (no Toledo garrisons serve Negrin) shall stir Americans' hearts—and purses.

"We cannot fight with our bare hands," said a Red official to the *New York Times*' correspondent Matthews. Another newsman, by his own confession "an extremely sympathetic observer," reports the (Red) army is without munitions. Propaganda! For on the same day Herbert Matthews cables: "It must not be forgotten that the (Red) government has much money." The plain truth is that if the Red army is now without arms or munitions, it is due to cowardice and incompetence. The fleeing Reds abandoned in Barcelona eighty cannons and two thousand machine guns, never used, 600 freight cars and 800 new motor trucks, both laden with French and Russian munitions. The wharves were piled high with Soviet shells and bullets, not yet uncrated.

The "closed" French frontier leaked an average of six hundred tons of war supplies daily, including twenty-

two tanks on January 18th, which even the most myopic Gallic customs guard could not mistake for sewing machines. Two million gallons of aviation gasoline were found by Franco's men in Barcelona, in addition to even greater supplies that the Reds destroyed when they burned the Campso (petroleum monopoly) storage tanks. This gasoline deserves a note of its own: it is shipped by the Mexican Government from refineries stolen from American companies, in British-flag tankers to Marseilles, thence via "neutral" France to Barcelona!

**T**HE Reds abandoned in Barcelona munitions enough to have supplied their Army of Catalonia for weeks. Far from being denuded of weapons, they suffered from oversupply. One third of General Franco's supplies have been taken from the Reds, thus reducing the bill for munitions that so worries our "liberal" columnists. General Franco moved across the Segre on December 23rd; ninety miles and five weeks separated him from the Red arsenals in Barcelona; why did the Reds' highly touted, though anonymous, Generals not place their supplies in safety?

The date of December 23rd was not a casual choice. Franco, who studies every detail with minute care to assure success of his offensives, had selected the latter part of January 1939 for the jump-off, when the snows in the northern hills would be lighter. Earlier in December Negrin and his Foreign Minister, Alvarez del Vayo (the bitter jest in Christian Spain makes him "del Vago"—the vagabond) had been to see Daladier, to beg intervention once again. The French Premier had lent a thousand officers in July 1938 to lead the Red Army of Catalonia in its suicidal crossing of the Ebro; perhaps he could be induced to plump all the way for "democracy" this time.

The cautious Frenchman temporized: he would not (with one eye on the fearsome spectres across the Rhine and the Alps) openly join Red Spain, but (and after all his predecessors obtained Tunis by a similar strategem), he would send two divisions of French Regulars to occupy Barcelona while still in Red hands. This would neutralize the city; Franco could not take it without a clash with the French Army, while

the Reds would be unmolested in their seat of government and war industries. The Red Army of Catalonia would be free to employ all its energies to hold off the Nationalists, while the French dealt with the Fifth Column. Very neat. And after the war Daladier would present his little bill: who could object if the price were Barcelona itself? Provençal and Catalan were the same tongue, the preservation of democracy demanded a French Barcelona to checkmate Italy in the Balearics.

**A** MESSAGE was sent secretly from Paris to Burgos; Franco read his agent's report and advanced his offensive one month. The shallow Segre splashed about the columns of Moscardo and Solchaga; it may have been only coincidence that 60,000 veterans were added to the Italian garrisons in the Alps. Daladier shivered at the pit opened before him, "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'" while the raging Del Vayo implored Léon Blum to "turn out this Fascist-lover." It was too late; the Red and Gold banners moving across Catalonia presented international plotters with a *fait accompli*.

General Propaganda surveys the Mediterranean: there is a card he can play. Obediently his minions in the world press howl that "Italy controls the Balearics, she will take them as her price for aid to Franco; the lifelines of the democracies are in danger." Much malice and little truth. No Spanish Nationalist government could exist that gave up Spanish soil to a foreign nation, no matter what the circumstances. General Franco has pledged his word that the Balearics will remain Spanish.

There are three principal islands in the Balearic group: Mallorca, Iviza and Minorca. The two former have flown the flag of Christian Spain; the latter until a few weeks ago was controlled by the Reds. On Iviza there is a Spanish garrison and no Italians; on Mallorca, governed by a Spanish Admiral, there are twenty thousand Spanish troops and fewer than one thousand Italian aviators and mechanics. No one knowing Franco doubts for an instant that if Mussolini moved to take Mallorca, Franco would fight him as hard as he has Negrin. Spain will remain Spanish.

But what of Minorca? Here there has been intervention indeed, French intervention, in effect since the outbreak of the war. Perhaps this furnished the model for M. Daladier's wishful thinking regarding Barcelona. Minorca is a Gibraltar, fortified in 1932 by General Franco in the

service of the Spanish Republic, and Port Mahon, its principal harbor, provides safe anchorage for friendly navies. At the outbreak of the war, French warships entered Port Mahon and the Gallic Navy remained there, true masters of the island until the natives surrendered to the Nationalists a few weeks ago. How strange it is that our pink columnists, who pretend to impartiality and super-knowledge, did not mention Negrin's *de facto* cession of the strongest Balearic island, and have covered with thick layers of forgetfulness his offer to cede Spanish Morocco to Britain and France "after the war."

As the Red area on the map of afflicted Spain shrinks, Propaganda's henchmen are seized with genius. We will brand Nationalist Spain an aggressor nation and quarantine her. We do not need Spain's sardines, oranges, wines and olive oil. We will arm to the teeth and defy all dictators, including the Iberian. That Homeric roar from the Pillars of Hercules is Spanish laughter. Mercury is an essential to industry, of war as well as of peace. Our nearly exhausted mines produce less than half of our peacetime requirements, at starvation prices from ores each year leaner. Spain's Almaden mines are the richest in the world, with capacity to supply the entire world's needs for centuries to come. Together with Italy, Spain supplies three-fourths of the total demand. Quarantine the "aggressors," and what shall we use for national defense, propaganda?

Wars may be started by propaganda; they are won by fighting men, by courage, by discipline, by faith. In the first two weeks of the war, when the Reds held ninety per cent of Spain, when they had seven hundred million dollars in gold and Franco had none, when they had the Navy and 400,000 armed men to Franco's twelve thousand in Morocco, when the world press jeered at the "military adventure of a few Generals," the Reds lost the war.

**C**ONFRONTING the "handful of determined men, resolved to liberate their country from an insufferable slavery," in the words of Marshal Weygand, the Reds did not organize their forces; instead they formed Communist and Anarchist committees in every village, killed citizens for the crime of attending Mass, of having six sheep. Women were murdered because they appeared on the streets in hats; men were killed for the gold in their teeth. The Red government collectivized the farms and alienated the peasants; it set up shop committees of extremists in every

factory, and production withered. Commissars took precedence over military commanders, the "party line" over-ruled tested tactics. Had it not been for the hundred thousand foreign Reds, many of them trained soldiers, of the International Brigades, the thousand officers Daladier lent, the mountains of munitions and arms from France, Russia and Czechoslovakia, the war would have ended long since.

There are those who complain that Franco "has taken so long." Unlike the Russian White Generals, who as General Fuller of the British Army remarks, rushed ahead leaving disaffected regions behind them, General Franco has been careful to win the peace before he won the war. Each captured area has been organized, its industries set in motion again, its poor and suffering succored, its spiritual life re-established. Against such tactics the Reds had no defense. This is Franco's greatest victory, the soldier's noblest triumph: that he has conquered the hearts of his people, that he has won the peace.

**W**E WHO thrill at the name of George Washington, remembering that no stain marked his career, may find his counterpart in this Spanish General, the Christian soldier, who pitted himself almost single handed against the immeasurable resources of international Communism, the simple man who left his beloved home to take up the forlorn cause of Christian civilization. Blasted by propaganda such as General Washington never dreamed of, Franco stands forth serene, victorious, deserving of high place in any category of human greatness.

The Spanish Nationalist Government, representing the desires and aspirations of Christian Spain, deserves prompt recognition by the United States as the legitimate, the only, government in Spain. Selfish reasons demand it, for our "good neighbor policy" will appear fantastic to the Catholic daughter-nations of Spain if we continue to give approval to a fugitive Communistic régime and deny recognition to the real Spain.

Prior to the war, Spain was one of our best customers; can our shrinking foreign trade bear further losses? If we are realists, we must recognize that Franco rules Spain; if we are Christians we owe gratitude to the Spanish people who have walked Calvary for civilization; if we believe in fair play, we must sweep aside the poisonous gas of General Propaganda, see Spain as she is, and make amends for the falsehoods we have permitted to deluge this land.



JOACHIM BECKES, C.P., WUKI, HUNAN

## A Stricken People

By MOST REV. CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

THE refugee problem continues to grow more acute day by day. And it is going to be worse—that is my present chief concern. When all our big towns get their quota, all manner of appeals from local authorities will be made to the missions and pressure will be brought to bear. The Vicariate is already doing a great deal. It will be difficult, however, for the missionary who is besieged by insistent officials to argue that the Church in Northwestern Hunan is doing much in other places. That won't meet the local need.

For instance, just this morning the mail contained this appeal from Father William Westhoven, C.P.: "The first and second Ko Changs of the Yamen (secretaries of the Magistrate's office) and the head of the Refugee Committee called this afternoon. Chihkiang district is to get five thousand refugees, one-fifth of whom will be cared for here in Chihkiang itself. I was asked to be a 'Ku Wen Kwan' (administrator). I was also asked how much financial help the Mission could give either in clothes or money to the refugees."

Shortly after the arrival of this letter came the notification that the one hundred orphans, for whose care the Sisters of Charity had volunteered to Madame Chiang, were not to be sent. Therefore I instructed Father William to offer to care for two hundred and fifty refugees. Hence our Chihkiang Refugee Camp more than takes the place of the

one hundred orphans assigned to us.

Sister Finan has been reporting that the number of abandoned babies is on the increase. It is a daily occurrence now. Refugees are too poor to care for them; mothers won't even

nurse their own babies. The cost of living is so high that their every energy is spent in making enough to eat and drink. No time for their babies. Sister Finan brought the problem to me. I told her to go ahead and take them in, "in *Nomine Domini*." The Lord will supply somehow. They are prepared to care for fifty babies during the first three months; and afterwards to raise the number even to one hundred. Father Paul Ubinger will put in an appeal for these to the National Relief Committee—Yüanling Branch.

We are rushing a shelter here which will be completed in a week's time; this will house another hundred refugees. At the end of another two weeks we hope to have still another shack up for one hundred. This will make the local crowd about five hundred; Luki has one hundred and fifty; Chihkiang has two hundred and fifty. Also babies, orphans, sick and wounded, and all classes of the needy.

The hospital (temporary shacks) here at Yüanling is in full swing; a very capable doctor, three competent nurses, a fine male nurse—refugees from Hankow are attendants, etc. I was over this morning. It looked very neat and clean. In a day or so the Sisters will take complete charge, attending to all details. This will lift a great burden off Father Paul's shoulders. All our refugee space is occupied, and there is a long waiting list. The dispensary has become for



Hungry herself, this Chinese mother begs for her child. Others abandoned their babies.





Rice time is important for these Chinese tots. This picture was taken in better days. Food is more scarce now. Many such children depend on the charity of the missionaries

all practical purposes a military first-aid station.

We were the first up here to have a Refugee Camp. All this has meant subsequently a great deal to us. And this program has to be added to in all sorts of ways. As an instance, the Red Cross Inspector asked us to increase our thirty hospital beds to fifty. At once everything has to be added to. It now costs fifteen dollars to obtain a bed; six months ago it could have been done for seven. Then we are listed to care for fifty in case of bombing; that means mats, bedding, toilets, water, etc., etc. And there are all manner of deserving cases on the side. Things are getting very expensive. All this is the Mission's own burden. The appeals will help us get over these obstacles.

**T**HERE are prominent men in Yüanling at present. They have been very friendly, and are urging us to push our relief work ahead and to expand. They promise that they will stand behind us. I shall go just as far as I can, for this is a wonderful opportunity for the Church. Not that this part of the work will or can be done on a religious basis—it is really humanitarian—but it is giving the Church much prestige and many opportunities that would never otherwise be encountered. So I am counting largely on the funds from America to sustain what we might call the Mission's contribution to relief, which has a definitely Catholic tone.

A General Relief Committee with the active co-operation of the Gov-

ernment has been set up in Yüanling to have charge of all activities from Changteh to the Kueichow border. This Committee has representatives from all the organizations doing relief work, both Chinese and foreign. There are the Protestants, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A. (the last two are new importations) the Hunan Salt Gabelle, National and Provincial relief, and the Red Cross. How far we Catholics will be able to co-operate remains to be seen. Our share will depend on the contributions we receive from America.

There is tremendous activity hereabouts and it is hard for us to keep up to the rapidly changing conditions. Besides all the refugees already located in Western Hunan, thirty thousand Hunanese, mostly from Changsha, are to be permanently quartered in this territory. The Government is determined to make them self-supporting. Land is to be given to them for cultivation; mines are to be opened; factories are to be started. Also the Government is inaugurating a new movement for the cultural and physical welfare of the Miaos.

Whatever way we look at it, great changes are in store. There is an entirely new spirit in China. We have a big electric plant now in Yüanling. It already operates. Our house is being wired as I write. Buildings, houses, shacks are being put up everywhere. Half the official population from down river wears western clothes, and another considerable portion speaks English. A committee

meeting the other day presided over by the Magistrate was conducted entirely in English.

**I** JOIN in the prayerful hope that the appeals in THE SIGN will add something to the relief fund. We shall have need of it. We undertook our own program before others came into the field. And thank God we began when we did. Now that the officials from down river have begun to arrive, as well as the other organizations mentioned above, the Catholic Mission is well out in front.

I can begin to understand something about Nationalist Spain; how the country can be at war, and a cruel one, and yet be making progress. War is a terrible thing, but it is a stimulant, too. The railway is being rushed across the Province, passing by Supu. Auto roads are being opened up; bridges are being built at Chenki and Ta Kiang Kou. Every day a new store or other opens on the street—all down-river people. Northwestern Hunan is rapidly coming out of its centuries of sleep. There are so many things to do that we are almost beside ourselves.

And with all this there is spiritual progress. There were some seventy-five Baptisms for Christmas. A catechumenate has just been finished in Huayuan; the chapel there is to be begun just as soon as the materials can be collected. I just received a telegram from Father Basil Bauer, C.P., that the property to the right of the Mission is for sale for two thousand dollars Chinese money. The local hospital is humming. Now we can't understand how we ever got along without one. Wangtsun wants to add another year to its school.

There are many consoling results of the work, and, of course, untold seeds sown that will bear fruit only in years to come. For one thing quite a number of marriage cases have been fixed up as the outcome of our charity work. The hospital has been operating only a few weeks but the spiritual fruits are already considerable.

Our gratitude to the readers of THE SIGN is beyond expression. Your generosity makes it possible for us to take Christ's place amongst a stricken people. Your offerings, small and large, bring you into the refugee camps and the hospitals. Through the hands of priests and Sisters you heal the sick and clothe the naked. The thankfulness of these poor people will forever plead for you before the throne of God, that the blessing of the Father of all men may descend upon you, and remain forever. He alone can reward you as you so richly deserve for your charity.

# Dodging Japanese Bombs

By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P.

**WE** WAITED for it, and got it! That is about the best way to describe the first aerial attack in Chihkiang. For weeks the people of this city have argued the pro and con of enemy planes finding us out. I have listened to all sorts of ridiculous talk by folk who thought their utterances infallible. As one of the local gentry mentioned with such finality: "No Jap planes can get here; the mountains are too high!" I wonder how much finality remains in his oriental mind. This much I know: the same local gentleman has vanished into the surrounding "high mountains" for safety!

The first air raid alarm sounded over the city of Chihkiang on October 2nd. The alarm caused a panic in the town. Thousands of people dashed riotously through the city gates, thinking safety awaited them away from the streets. Those who fled out the West Gate stood grouped along the river bank, easy targets for the machine guns mounted on the Japanese planes. Try and tell these people that! We in our Mission took to our sand-bag shelters waited with prayers on our lips. What else could be done about it? The feeling of utter helplessness in the face of death from the sky is thoroughly unnerving.

No Japanese planes appeared. It was while sitting in the dugout, however, that I overheard one of the smaller orphans ejaculate: *Er pen kwei dz!* (Japanese devils!) She uttered it with such spitting contempt and hatred! Patriotism is born spontaneously under such circumstances as these.

The 5th of October witnessed another scout to the shrapnel-proof shelter. Then overcast skies afforded a breathing spell of assured safety until the 21st of the month. On that date Japanese planes reconnoitered



A Japanese machine gunner aboard a bombing plane fires a burst from his weapon before the bomber takes off on an air raid against Chinese forces

close to the town, and gave us our No. 3 air raid alarm. The Director of the Bureau of Public Safety was passing the Mission when the alarm signal was given. He stepped in and used our telephone, a recent convenience, to administer orders and get complete information on the impending raid. We had a good smoke together, and a generous cup of tea, while pandemonium reigned on the street. The "all-clear" sounded at 11.58 that morning.

On the 25th of the month another alarm delayed our dinner until 1 P. M. They were getting to be a nuisance—these alarms that always petered out without any action. Some people began to think the whole thing was a hoax. Always the alarms, and no enemy planes or bombs. But we Fathers noted that this day marked the fall of Hankow to the Japanese. This meant that their planes now possessed a much nearer hopping-off place to any and all places in Hunan. It would be merely a question of time, we told ourselves.

November 8th dawned a bright sunny day, with visibility high. At breakfast I remarked to Fr. Gregory: "What a day for an air raid." The noon Angelus had just been recited, when the alarm rang out. All white clothes were hurriedly stripped from the drying lines in the compound, the orphans hurried into shelter . . . and we waited. Through the telephone office I received word that eighteen Japanese planes had

been sighted over Chenki, flying in formation of threes toward Chihkiang. Fifteen minutes later these same planes were reported to be within thirty miles of the city. Then the urgent alarm sounded. And in my heart I knew that this day would bring our aerial initiation.

Driven inland by the invaders, the Chinese military had established an air base just outside our city. Our own planes had taken to the air and climbed out of sight. Apart from the heavy, steady purr of motors, an ominous silence settled down over the city, much like that which precedes the entrance of a gang of bandits (an all too familiar sensation for us!) into a besieged town. Then came the pulsing, pushing throb of eighteen Japanese planes. I remained motionless, watching their swift advance, until the first batch of bombs cut loose with such force that I thought that an earthquake had run its course under me. Buildings shivered, doors swung open and windows rattled. It required effort to tell myself: "This is a mild attack, our initiation." The second three planes in formation hurled their bombs and passed on, to be followed a few moments later by the next three. And so until all the bombers had passed. All projectiles were dropped on the airport.

(Time out in writing this. Another alarm has sounded).

We were bombed again today—Nov. 17. I'll get to this later.

After the raiders had gone we no-

ticed tremendous clouds of black-white-yellow smoke rising from the airport. At first we feared some buildings outside the South Gate had been fired by incendiary bombs. Fr. Gregory saw one such bomb dropped by a plane. My catechist, who thinks he knows all that's knowable about aerial warfare, dashed over to me, pointed to the smoke, and yelled: "Poison gas!" Wherewith he clapped a wet rag to my face. I appreciated his thoughtfulness for the *Sen Fu* in what he thought was an hour of great danger. However, I could not rise mentally to the efficiency of a wet rag in such an emergency. It was another solid hour before the "all-clear" signal was given. No sooner had it sounded than hundreds of people dashed for the airport to view the wreckage. At the first danger warning, these same folk dashed in the opposite direction. Life in China these days has reduced itself largely to unexpected dashes.

**A** book of *Gone With the Wind* dimensions would be required to record the observations of the people about that first raid. The count of bombs dropped varied from 10 to 1000; Japanese planes shot down, from 2 to 12; lives lost, between 6 and 20; wounded, anywhere from 30 to 300; shell holes in the airport as measuring 10 to 50 feet in depth, and 50 to 300 feet in width. No information published about the losses suffered.

In the wake of this first bombing a unanimous conviction sprung up among the city people that the Japanese would be back next day for revenge . . . some of their good planes had been shot down! On Nov. 9th, a constant stream of humanity poured out through the city gates. The trek started at 8 a.m., and everything movable was toted to the nearby hills. While on my way to a

Confirmation that morning I observed this motley crowd hurrying along, in complete panic and distress. One poor mother had a baby strapped to her back, two pieces of bedding and three trunks balanced over her shoulders on a carrying pole, and in both hands a load of household goods! A Catholic woman came pell-mell down the street—saw me and halted long enough to ask if she could hide in the Mission, then dashed on without waiting for a reply. She was completely crazed with terror. She didn't even know in what direction she was going.

Before the day's air-raid alarm sounded, at 2:15 p.m., the Mission had accepted three wounded men, victims of yesterday's attack. Our temporary hospital was in order, except that we had neither a doctor nor native nurses. With these shrapnelled men at our door, however, there was no alternative. The Sisters of St. Joseph graciously consented to dress the wounds of the victims. And thus our emergency hospital was opened. Just at dusk another of the injured was brought to the front gate, a ladder serving as a stretcher. The man had suffered a terrible leg wound, shrapnel had shattered the left arm at the elbow, and there was a two inch gash along his spine. It was heroic work to dress these wounds, untended for forty-eight hours, but the Sisters did it. To the credit of the victim let it be said that he never whimpered.

Day-time air-raid alarms furnish sufficient thrill, but midnight scares are beyond description. To have a man stand outside your bedroom window and wake you out of a sound sleep with the shout: "Air-raid!" is enough to fill one's heart with fear. And it did on the night of the 9th. So the Japanese are to get us by night, eh? The bright light of a full moon gave credence to our belief

that enemy planes could find Chihkiang even after dark. The non-appearance of the raiders did not halt the stampede that followed the alarm. It is fortunate that Chihkiang has a large force of special military police to maintain a semblance of order during these hectic days and nights. Thursday, the 10th, and Friday brought out 8th and 9th air alarms. But no bombs, thank God. On the 14th, after a three day calm, we had our 10th alarm. The local magistrate ordered each house in the city to put a tub of water and a box of fine sand at the front door; our sole protection in case of fire during a raid. With the entire city evacuated during an attack, one wonders who is going to pour the water and throw the sand!

On Nov. 17th, while writing these lines, our 11th warning sounded. It was exactly 10:45 a.m. At 11:25 the urgent signal was given. Twenty-five minutes later (it seemed an endless wait) eighteen Japanese bombers appeared from the northeast, flying in two squadrons. To the north of the city these squadrons separated; half of the planes flew over the eastern section of the city, and unloaded more than a hundred bombs over the airport. The other nine planes, flying in perfect formation, crossed the western end of the city, right over the Mission, and out across the bridge. I noticed that these planes later converged with the first squadron beyond the airport. The fact that these bombers flew so low gave proof that they know that Chihkiang possesses no anti-aircraft guns. I noticed one Chinese plane, also flying at a low altitude, circling to the west during the raid. The Japanese must have seen this plane, but refused to break their formation to give chase.

We count on the protection of Almighty God to see us through the present ordeal.

Flying low over Yüanling's centuries-old bridge, the Japanese bombers crossed the river to attack the airport. Fr. William Westhoven, C.P. describes the bombing.





# The Man of Kerioth

Judas, The Man of Kerioth, Apostle of Jesus Christ, Offers a Striking and Tragic Example of Man's Power to Resist the Grace of God

By IGNATIUS RYAN, C.P.

MANY strange figures stand out against the background of Christ's short life. There are the uncouth shepherds and the polished Wise Men; the mystified doctors in the Temple; the average bride and bridegroom, the friends of His Mother; the sophisticated Simon the Leper, who invited Him to dinner and then flaunted all the conventions of Jewish social life; the glamorous Magdalen with her matchless physical charm and grace but with seven devils in her soul; the adulterous wife; the sensuous and leering Herod; the crafty Caiaphas; the politician Pilate, who wavered between duty and the angry voice of a minority mob. But strangest of all the strange figures in that varied panorama was Judas, the son of Simon of Kerioth.

Christian art has represented him as dark in feature, sly and furtive in character—a silent man who moved in shadow and under cover of night. His prized possession was a paltry savings account held in trust, his dream of power and his death a ghastly suicide. His stark and magic life was brought to sudden, swift frustration by a kiss snatched from the face of God in the darkness of a garden called "The Oil Press." He turned away and the blood of Christ upon his beard, intended for his salvation and everlasting happiness, transformed him by some strange spiritual alchemy from an apostle into an apostate. He groped his way to the masters who had bought his soul with

silver instead of blood and, flinging his money at them as he went out, hanged himself with a halter.

There is a bleak silence about his whole career on the part of the Evangelists—except where he came into open conflict with the Master. Even in their accounts of his choice as an apostle he stands alone, aloof from his brethren, tagged with the infamous epithet "Judas who . . . betrayed Him." He appears a stranger among them—the son of Simon of Kerioth, a town not of Galilee but of Judea, the name of which was later to take on the sinister implication "The Memory of Death." In the Gospel records we read of words and glances exchanged between Christ and him, the import of which was lost in the very men who watched one another so closely and sometimes with a very human jealousy. There are gestures understood only by Christ and the betrayer. There are veiled warnings, insinuations, threats, and we might at most say counter-insinuations and counter-threats as at the affair over Mary Magdalen and her ointment in the house of Christ's friends at Bethany.

Just to scan hurriedly the account

of Judas' career as given by the Evangelists one gets the impression that the words chosen by the Holy Ghost to describe his few brief appearances on the surface of Christ's life are intended to cloak something too enormous for the Christian soul to hear—the naked struggle of a man with God. St. Luke, indeed, hesitates to set down in words the crowning blasphemy—that muttered "Hail" and the swift brush of sinful lips across the sinless cheek of Christ. All the satanic fury of the struggle on the part of the traitor and its inevitable consequence seem to be summed up in the last two admonitions addressed to him by Christ. They are more like the calm deliberate sentence of the Eternal Judge than the last appeal of the Saviour about to die. ". . . That which thou dost, do quickly" and ". . . Friend, whereto art thou come?"

THE same St. Luke, who hesitates to describe the dénouement of the kiss, supplies us in the beginning of his narrative of Christ's life with the key to the understanding of what went on for three years between the Saviour and His unworthy apostle.

The evangelist, concluding his account of Christ's fast and temptation in the desert, writes: "And all the temptation being ended, the devil departed from Him for a time." Luke 4:13. In this prelude to Christ's public life, Satan, humiliated and smarting under his triple defeat at Christ's hands, left him "for a time." He was



The Remorse of Judas, by E. Armitage

to return, not to tempt Him again but to attack Him. His next sally against the Saviour was not in the guise of a friend. He had learned to his chagrin that those divine eyes could penetrate any deceit. He came out openly against Him as an enemy and with ferocious hatred.

But he chose a human instrument to wreak his vengeance—a man whose treachery was to sadden the remaining years of Christ's life. His bait was the same as that which he had dangled so unsuccessfully before the eyes of Christ Himself—the illusion of power, the human longing for glory, prestige and for the wealth and material delights it invariably trails behind it. The glory of Divinity was to be sacrificed to the glorification of humanity.

**T**HE evangelists assure us that Christ knew what would happen *ab initio*—"from the beginning"—from the moment of His choice of Judas as an apostle. It is significant that, as St. Luke tells us, Christ's first words to His newly chosen apostles were in praise of poverty and suffering and in condemnation of worldly pleasures. It was Judas' first warning. "Every one," Christ admonished, "that cometh to Me and heareth My words, and doth them, I will show you to whom he is like. He is like to a man building a house, who digged deep and laid the foundation upon a rock. And when a flood came, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and it could not shake it; for it was founded on a rock. But he that heareth and doth not is like to a man building his house upon the earth without a foundation: against which the stream beat vehemently and immediately it fell, and the ruin of that house was great." Luke VI, 47-29. Judas heard and did not—"and the ruin of that house was great."

The flood came upon him in the shape of avarice. It beat so vehemently against his soul and so undermined his high vocation that within the short space of two years after his call to the apostolate, Christ turned upon him in anger and sadness with the startling accusation that he was "a devil."

When we remember that Christ is God and never exaggerated, that His words meant exactly what they implied, the force of the impact of that accusation upon the human mind is stunning. The struggle between Christ and Satan, attacking through a favored disciple, was already on. To Christ the clash was but an echo of Lucifer's titanic rebellion in heaven. God had stood in the way

of Lucifer's pride and now the God-Man stood in the way of Judas' worldly ambition. Judas therefore was a devil who would usurp the place of Christ.

The commentators on Holy Scripture are most explicit on this point. They tell us that Christ by His declaration that Judas was "a devil" did not mean that His erstwhile disciple was possessed or obsessed by the devil, but that he had taken on, under the prodding of Satan, all the characteristics of the devil. The most prominent of these characteristics, the one which is the source and root of all those other characterizations of Satan by Christ as a calumniator,

## NEW SERIES

**WE ARE happy to announce that with the April issue we shall begin a series of illuminating and inspiring articles on the Passion and Death of Christ. They will be from the pen of Rev. Damian Reid, C.P.**

**THESE ARTICLES will be illustrated by original drawings done especially for THE SIGN by the internationally famous Italian artist, Mario Barberis.**

a disbeliever, a thief and a liar, is hatred for God. The devil is a devil because he hates God with a hatred of enmity and of abomination. This does not mean that the devil disbelieves in God. We do not hate what we do not know. But the devil, recognizing the infinite perfection of God, hates Him for that very reason. Because of His divine attributes, God stands in the way of Satan's desire for self-exaltation. There can be but one God. The commentators assure us, therefore, that when Christ applied this damning epithet to Judas it was in the strict sense of the word—as "an adversary," as one who with diabolical intent set himself up consciously against Christ.

The occasion of this first open clash was immediately after Christ's announcement that He would institute the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist. His words on the occasion are again significant, considering the earthly aspirations of Judas. "It is the spirit," Jesus said, "that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life." John 6:64. St. John recounts that many of His disciples "strove among themselves, saying: How can this Man give us His flesh to eat? . . . and they went back and walked no more with Him." Seeing this, Christ asked His apostles: "Will you also go away?" Peter essayed to answer in the name of the twelve. "Lord," he earnestly declared, ". . . we have believed and have known that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." But Christ immediately denied that Judas could any longer be accounted His follower. He was already hardened in rebellious hatred. "Have not I chosen you twelve," Jesus countered, "and one of you is a devil?" Ibid. 6.

When we consider these words carefully we are forced to a terrible conclusion: Christ already considered Judas as lost to Him irrevocably. There is a finality about that word "devil" which connotes hell and everlasting separation from God, the inevitable punishment for rebellion. It is the most awful accusation against a man ever uttered by the meek Christ. It is the fiery wrath of God against a human pretender to divinity. Never again did Christ speak so strongly to an individual.

"Thou, O Peter," says the commentator Theophylactus, speaking in the name of Christ, "dost reply in the name of all the apostles, as if all believe in Me and are loyal friends; but know that you are mistaken; for one of you is a devil, a disbeliever and a rebel, who will betray Me."

**L**IKE Lucifer he thought little of the consequences. He never dreamed that in vindication of Divine Justice the project and the work of Christ's destruction should involve his own.

In a dark and gloomy garden, overlooking the white mounds in a neighboring graveyard, he stole up to Christ and laid his lips upon His cheek. For a moment he was held there not by force but by the compelling eyes of God betrayed. A voice was speaking from the shadows under the olive trees: "Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" Was it harsh or gentle? Was it forgiveness or was it a sentence pronounced upon Judas, the man of Kerioth, who was a devil?

# Ordeal by Radio

By FRANCIS H. SIBSON

Illustrated by KAROLY-SZANTO

"**RADIO,**" said the second mate, looking rather hopelessly at the chart, "is all right for telling people you're in trouble—but it can't always bring 'em to where the trouble is . . . and this Australian run isn't so thick with ships that you'll have half a dozen of 'em standing by within an hour or so. We seem to be nearest. You haven't heard anyone nearer, have you, Jackson?"

The radio operator shook his head. "It's up to us all right," he answered, looking down again at the message pad on the chart table. "They don't seem to think she'll last very long, either."

"Going to be the devil of a job looking for her boats. Take us two days to reach 'em, even if we open up to full ahead—and that'll be a riot, running before *this*! Here's the Old Man. See what he thinks about it. But. . ."

There was some reason for the second mate's doubts. The Great Circle track, on which the *Buffalo* was at the time on her run from San Francisco, dips well down into the region of permanent westerlies. Those roaring winds girdle the globe, with no land anywhere in their course to break the momentum of the seas they drive before them.

The *Buffalo* was riding those charging hills, lurching forward as though trying to escape, when, overtaking her, they ground their white teeth along her rusty sides. Then, as the summit swept ahead, engulfing a third of the heavens, she would sag down, groaning, her engines laboring against gravity, her bows upturned, her stern deep-squattering, the beat of the propeller aquivering far undersea.

Such was the weather through which the *Buffalo* was asked now to steam full speed to a sister's help.

Captain Aitcheson came up the bridge ladder as though borne on air, for as he climbed the ship sank bodily into a water canyon, and it was as though the ladder was a treadmill swinging down to meet him. At the head of it he paused for a moment, gripping hard to the rails, for she was lifted again and it seemed he weighed like lead. Then, with quick, short paces, he approached

the two men in the chart-house.

"What's this, Mr. Stebbing? Radio, is it?" he asked in tones only a trace above those of merely normal interest. "Let me see."

The operator gave him the pad. He stood leaning against the chart-house wall, his feet apart, steadying himself with one hand on the door jamb. An upstanding figure of a man, with alert but unhurried competence in every line of his rather set-looking face. As he read the message his frown deepened, though otherwise his features remained in repose. Neither of the two beside him could possibly have guessed that in those few moments before he spoke the events of over twenty years had crowded through his brain.

The message was from the *Warnford*, nearly six hundred miles ahead, badly on fire for'ard and already certain she could not get it under. And Denman was her captain. Geordie Denman. His old term-mate, his fellow-apprentice in their first young years of seafaring; once his friend—and now the husband of the girl he had loved. He still loved her. The coming of that love had brought to life something within him that even the loss of her could not kill. Very vivid was the memory of her, of their days together before Denman had taken her from him; not that he morbidly hugged his hurt, but simply because he could not help it. Captain Aitcheson, though a casual acquaintance would hardly have thought so, was of the type which feels things very deeply.

**H**E COULD hold no grudge either against Denman or Olive. The thing had just happened. She had been swept off her feet by one of those explosive passions which come suddenly and without ascertainable reason. Denman had awakened it by his own, perhaps. Neither had been able to fight it, even had they willed.

That was four years ago. Aitcheson had seen her twice since then. The first meeting had been with a deliriously happy woman whom he had hardly recognized—just after the honeymoon. He had met her again outside the offices of the Line, on the eve of the *Buffalo's* departure. He

had taken her out to tea. She had been almost ostentatiously loyal to her husband. He had seen that. And when an old lover is given occasion to notice a thing like that it is a sign that there is something wrong. He had guessed the trouble before they had talked for five minutes. That quick passion had had time to burn out. He knew, as he said goodbye to her, that she knew she had married the wrong man. But neither had said a word, or looked even a look, which might not have passed had Denman been there.

**T**HOUGH, as has been written, Captain Aitcheson had no hatred for the other, the thing had killed his old friendship. In its place was an instinctive repulsion that had nothing to do with his reason. He knew it was unjust, but there was no throwing it off. He was not thinking, as he stood there looking at the radio-call, of the two-score odd of other men who fought their hopeless fight with the fire aboard the *Warnford*. To him the burning ship held one man only, the husband of Olive—the girl who could have made for him all the difference between life and mere pointless existence. The girl who might yet make that difference, if he and the *Buffalo* did not cover those six hundred miles of dangerous sea in time. But he thrust that perilous thought away.

The *Warnford* was done for. With the fire for'ard she could not steam to meet him, against the wind. The smoke would suffocate every man aboard, even if the fire was not at once fanned to its climax. She could only wait. And the message said that within thirty hours at the most every living man must be driven overside by the heat.

It was eleven A.M. now. By five P.M. tomorrow they would be abandoning ship. At the *Buffalo's* utmost speed she could not reach the boats for forty-eight hours—assuming that nothing happened to her on the way. A large assumption, that. One does not drive a steamer full speed before such a sea. The disturbing influence of the propeller-stream may cause it to break over her; and that may either spin her broadside on and roll



her over, or drive her straight under, punching her bows deep into the sea ahead so that she vanished like a diver.

These were the risks that Aitcheson must court if he was to be up with the *Warnford's* people in reasonable time to save them. Exhausted already by their struggle with the fire, they could not indefinitely bail out the water which must come swamping all but continuously over the low gunwales of the lifeboats: the exposure alone tells on the strongest.

"Suppose I drive her—and run her under?" asked Aitcheson of himself. "What good'll that do anybody?"

"You're a seaman," came his own answer. "If anybody can handle her

at full speed, you can. You know her inside out. You've worked up from second mate aboard her!"

He groaned almost inaudibly. The wind took the sound away.

"Tell 'em we're coming," he said to the operator, who had been waiting for that word and went off at once to his cabin on the lower bridge. The second mate went outside to the telegraph, which stood at "half-speed."

"Full ahead, sir?" he asked. His face was strained and intent, as though he dreaded the captain's reply—as indeed he did. He dreaded "No" as greatly as the affirmative nod, for he too was a seaman and knew the alternatives.

But neither answer came. Aitcheson had come out too, and now

turned aft to look with keen calculation at the advancing seas. His other senses were keyed to abnormal pitch; they took and translated every heave and quiver of the ship to his burdened and uncertain brain.

How much could she bear? Could she stand *any* more? Was ship-master ever before placed in so awful a dilemma?

"Too fast—and down we go. Too slow—and down *they* go . . . No one on earth'll blame me if I keep at half speed. You can't play the fool with these waters. . . ."

"Tell the engine room," he shouted aloud, "to quicken up to fifty revs. We'll see how she stands that. And only the best man to the wheel till further orders."



It was a woman who came up to the deck. Astley caught and steadied her, with an exclamation of wonder

It was a compromise. Half speed was forty revolutions. Eighty-five was the utmost that the engines—and the stokers—could steadily maintain.

"I'm doing my best," he told himself. "If we're too late, well . . . my conscience will be clear."

He did not realize that he deceived his own soul, that away back in his deepest being there yet remained the vision he had tried to put away—the thought of what life might still hold for him, should the *Buffalo* come too late. If, through this intervention of Providence, Olive Denman should be freed . . .

"Why doesn't he go on to 'full'?" asked the mate without preamble when he came at noon to relieve his junior. "We ought to stand up to it all right. Since we got these steel hatches of ours fitted we should run till everything's blue. A modern steamer'll stand anything in reason, I say. Doesn't he realize there may be men drowning presently, ahead there, through his dawdling?"

They spoke in the lee of the chart-house, where one might talk without putting mouth to ear; though even here the wind-eddies set their oilskins slapping, and the spray sought them ceaselessly.

"Oh, I don't know," demurred the other. "She isn't too happy now. You'll have to watch her. Twice I've put her to 'slow' or we'd have been pooped. What's the good of getting ourselves drowned before we ever reach 'em'?"

But secretly he agreed with the mate.

"I've half a mind to go 'full' and chance it!" was the latter's answer.

"Have you, Mr. Astley?" broke in the captain. Neither had heard him come. He spoke gravely, not at all in the manner of a superior whose wisdom and authority have been questioned. And he seemed somehow older than when they had last seen him.

"I HAD a mind to, myself. But look at her; watch her, man! You don't tell me she'd take it?"

"We could try, sir," persisted the mate doggedly.

"Try? What are we doing now, then? Give her another ten revs, and we'll see how she takes that!"

Eight knots, perhaps, with the scend of the sea and the eastward "drift" of its tortured surface to help her. And her full speed was twelve. That meant three days instead of two. Twenty-four more crucial hours for those beleaguered boats to keep afloat.

To the mate's ear Captain Aitcheson had appeared unsure of himself,

explaining where he should have commanded. Of course he was anxious. And he had certainly talked sense. There was a point beyond which any increase of speed would put the odds against success instead of favoring it. But what was that point? Had they reached it now?

ASTLEY doubted it; doubted it even as he snatched up the handle of the telegraph, his eyes fixed upon the imminent giant which overhung the stern. The crest of it broke as the engine slowed, came dashing down the upending slope, leaped upon and smothered the poop in a churning hell of whiteness. It poured down on to the well-deck and ended itself against the after part of the super-structure, its boiling flanks tearing along overside, level with the upper deck. She drove along in the midst of it as though borne on a crust of froth.

"Port—port!" he had signalled the helmsman, and the steam-wheel spun to meet the incipient sideways flinching of the stern. She steadied then, and "Midships—Steady!" he waved; in the nick of time, before she should fall off the other way. The white crisis passed slowly ahead of her; back went the telegraph to its old position, while yet the after-scupper foamed and the foc's'le-head dug through the creamed water a scant yard above its spuming surface.

"I reckon she'd stand another ten revs, easy—if she's watched," said the mate to himself.

The first day dragged pregnantly to its end. The sun set very redly behind the mist of scud astern, and now the moving mountains were darkly enormous, looming evilly green against the deepening hues of the sky, doubly terrifying in their growing indistinctness. There would be no moon tonight. It would soon be too dark to see much beyond the shine of the breaking water and the phosphorescence of the foam about the ship. When that time came, those who in turn defended her were as men who fight blindfold, denied even warning of the purpose in their enemies' eyes. An ordeal which each must face, alone on that bridge, for four endless hours of instant and ever-impending trial. An equal period of uneasy, unhealing sleep—then back again to that misery of sightless tension.

The captain lay half-dozing, fully dressed, on the chartroom settee. He was intermittently aware of things about him in the dimly lighted place: the long oilskin coat which hung on the door, swaying and swinging and slapping back against the panelling,

ominous indicator of the ship's uneasy, scudding motion; the telltale compass over his head, straying uncertainly between East by North and East South East; the creak and groan of the woodwork under the twisting stresses which assailed the super-structure; the whine and howl of wind in funnel-stays and around the angles of the deck-houses, transformed here and there into a blended, dully resonant boom. The cabin might have been inside some great violincello, played by a giant master of Neptune's own storm-music.

The door opened and Jackson, the radio man, burst in. Shaking the captain's shoulder he held out his pad. Aitcheson was awake at once; reached out an arm to the switch of the settee-light. The clock on the bulkhead showed ten minutes past four A.M.

"All forward holds beyond control," he read. "Thwartships bunker has caught and wing bunkers heating. Stokehold untenable. Have stopped engines, lying-to in trough. Forward hatch burned through and water entering rapidly. Ship may last till noon. When can you reach us?"

HE LOOKED up, to see that Jackson was holding out his pencil. He had to answer that message. And the *Warnford's* life had been shortened by five hours. At the *Buffalo's* present speed she could not be up with the boats—assuming they were able to get them away at all—until they had been adrift for two whole days. Dare he send such an answer? He could picture the hopeless resignation with which it must be received. Forty-eight hours in those boats, in this sea! It was an impossibility; short of a miracle, no crowded lifeboats could keep afloat so long.

It was not his fault. He had done all he could—would continue to do all he could, short of killing his own ship. When daylight came he might see what could be done—perhaps another ten revs. . . .

And, when he reached the place, if the worst had happened—well, Olive would be his at last, by decree of Fate. He could go to her without shame, knowing that he had tried to save her husband. . . .

Abruptly he realized that he could not go to her without shame. He knew now, and she would know, by that terrible certainty which she must read in his face, that secret of his subconscious soul—the secret which had been hidden even from his own knowledge until now—the hope that he would fail to save her husband. There could be no blessing on their marriage after that. There

could be no peace for him till he died—much less afterwards. How could he face Geordie Denman, in that place where there are no secrets?

"We could try!" Astley had said. So far neither himself nor his ship had been tried—not to the utmost. And "to the utmost" was the unwritten sea-law in emergency such as this.

LESS than five minutes later Stebbing felt a hand on his arm, and started at the grip. He had only been on the bridge a quarter of an hour, but already his nerves were taut and jumpy with the strain of it.

"Put her to full ahead," said the captain unsteadily, "and I'll take over till daylight."

Harsh and shaken though it sounded, his voice held also the ringing undernote of a great resolution.

When day dawned over the gigantic scene, gray and without pity, the second mate came up again to find Aitcheson standing where he had left him. The captain's face was haggard and almost the color of the grimed salt which coated it; and his eyes were red and weary, revealing something of the mental tension he had endured. At full speed through the incalculable dark, the *Buffalo* had taken some handling. But it had been done.

"She's flying wild," said Aitcheson, as one who talks in his sleep, "but I think she'll do. I'm using oil-bags forward, amidships and aft, and that's some help. But you'll have to watch out astern like a cat. Slow at once when you see a big 'un coming—don't wait for it to start breaking. You may even have to stop her for a moment. Don't hesitate to call me if she gets beyond you."

He stood watching for some minutes, then went slowly down, leaving Stebbing to face the worst watch of his life. The view astern was frightfully, indescribably ugly, a sight which tested his stamina to the utmost. It was as though she were menaced by wall after wall of titanic enmity, each humped horror hideous with broken boils and ripples which themselves were seas, leaping and broken-topped, slathering down the steep, moving slopes like waterfalls upon a mountainside. The ship seemed drunken, blind, slow and uncertain in her helm-action, a nightmare to handle. And this must go on for a day and a night and a day. Could it go on?

It could—and did—though at such a cost of man's vitality that the memory of it was never to be effaced from any of them aboard her.

It was the Second Engineer who voiced the spirit of everyone below.

"One day we might be asking this of someone," he said, as he handed over his engines at noon to a rather white-faced Third.

At one-forty P.M. came the third and last word from the *Warnford*: "Am abandoning ship. How long now?"

"Thirty hours," was the answer Aitcheson sent. "Take rockets in boats."

A wise suggestion. In that chaotic maze of giant waters four twenty-six-foot lifeboats might otherwise be hard to find even at midday. And as the *Buffalo* now ran it would be dusk before she reached them—or the place where they should be.

The afternoon wore on. The crucial night was coming. How could she last through the blinded blackness if Aitcheson did not ease her?

The captain himself supplied the answer to his officers' mute question. When dark gathered he came again to the bridge.

"Tell the steward," he said simply, "to bring me coffee up here every hour. You and Mr. Stebbing had better have the night in."

Astley protested, appalled.

"Nonsense!" snapped Aitcheson. "I've got a better chance than either of you. More experience. And besides, it's my responsibility. What d'you suppose I'm paid for? . . . If you don't get off this bridge and obey orders I'll have you carried off and locked in your cabin, Mr. Astley!"

"And the Old Man meant it," he said to Stebbing afterwards.

To describe how that night was passed would be beyond the power of words. It was a horror of blackness and ever-imminent doom unseen, an ugly dream that would not pass from them, a waking dream—for no man truly slept. Just after midnight, at word from the steward (who came to him from the bridge with mingled tears and oaths) Astley went up, grim with determination to give the captain a spell. He stayed for ten minutes, and witnessed two miracles of seamanship which left him gasping. He knew that if he had been in charge she would have broached-to. Aitcheson was right. But the mate was loath to give in. It was irrational, but there was something cowardly to him in the thought of leaving the captain up here alone again.

"STOP here if you like," yelled Aitcheson, "but I'm not handing over. Don't be a fool, Astley! Go and get some rest. You've earned it!"

Astley went, feeling strangely shamed—and yet exalted. He had seen and held speech with one who seemed more than a man.

In the dawn they carried Captain

Aitcheson to his cabin. His eyes rolled from side to side as they carried him and one hand was curved and claw-like, as if it still gripped the telegraph-handle. The steward undressed him and tucked warm blankets about him, with a remarkable tenderness in his movements. And presently, under his ministrations, those terrible eyes closed in sleep.

Not a trace of his ordeal remained when, some six hours later, he came back to the bridge. If anything, he looked better and younger than before, as if some cloud had passed from him, some burden lifted during his all-night vigil. He spoke now with cool confidence.

"Nearly there," he said. "Been making close on thirteen 'over the ground.' That ought to bring us up with them well before dark. Have our rockets ready, though."

"Do you think they've been able to hold up, sir?"

Aitcheson shook his head. "Who's to say? We can only hope so."

He no longer thought of Olive.

THE second mate of the *Warnford* was first to see the *Buffalo*. Half an hour before, he had begun to hope, for he had thought he smelled her smoke coming down-wind. That had been a horrible time of waiting. He had not dared share his hope with the others in the half-water-logged boat. They bailed and pulled and bailed again, like dead men energized by some galvanic force, so listless and heavy and mechanical were their faces and their motions.

But the loud, sudden hiss of his rocket brought them to life.

On the rescuer's bridge the two mates saw wonders. At sight of the smoke-streak on the starboard bow Aitcheson began to edge her ever so slightly towards it, taking instant advantage of every tiny lessening of the sea's onslaughts. At last, when dead to windward of the boat (they saw her now perhaps once a minute, as both were lifted together) he jockeyed his ship with amazing skill of helm and engine-orders, till at last she lay quiescent in the trough.

The boat drew closer and closer as the *Buffalo* drifted down. Life-buoys at the ends of ropes were flung out to leeward. Men leapt for them, were dragged up and inboard, amid bursts of harsh cheering—a defiance to the cheated sea.

"Where are the others?" shouted Aitcheson, leaning out over his bridge-rail.

The exhausted officer came up the ladder, helped by Stebbing.

"When I last saw 'em," he explained hoarsely, "they were—here,



give me a bit o' paper and I'll try and mark 'em. We did our best to keep together, but last night . . ." he shuddered as at some memory too poignant for the telling.

The sun sank low, hidden now by each wave. The *Buffalo's* siren belled at minute intervals—a dwarfed note of querulous helplessness amid all that vastness. Rocket after rocket went hissing from the tube-holders. At last they were answered, from two places and almost simultaneously. By nightfall the crews of the mate's and chief engineer's boats were safe.

It seemed that the Fates wilfully tortured Captain Aitcheson. Where was Denman? Had he not been tried enough, that this last test should be put upon him? What earthly hope was there of finding that missing lifeboat in this deepening darkness? All the others had been well-nigh sinking, at their last gasp, when he reached them. Was it worth while searching any longer for dead men?

For a moment he was sorely tempted. But he fought off the insidious thing. He would hold on until morning—till all hope was utterly over. And as if in answer to his decision, there sprang a fiery curve in the sky, an exquisite tracery of gold against the blue-black night.

It was an anxious business, working down to that boat, and still more difficult was the turn into the trough, the slow drift down to her. But at last a low, wallowing whiteness showed dimly overside in the blaze of the clustered cargo-lights that Astley had rigged, and the white faces of men looked up at them.

The buoyed ropes were thrown once more. There was unaccountable delay in the boat. One man jumped for the nearest lifebuoy, it was true—but he swam back with it, crying out not to haul in, not yet!

The buoy was dragged into the boat, and faintly Aitcheson saw a form secured within its circle. Then "Haul away!" cried the boat's crew in urgent unison.

It was a woman who came up to the deck. Astley caught and steadied her, with an exclamation of wonder. Aitcheson started, ran forward, and stood staring into her face, mutely, his lips working as though they had lost the power of speech.

"You!" he cried out at last, on a high, crackling note of utter, dumb-founded shock. "You were aboard?"

"He always wanted me to sail with him," she sobbed, "... and this was—the first time. . ."

He saw only her, though the men from the boat were coming up fast now and his own crew were thick

## Passionis Tuee Memoriam

By ALICE CECILIA MURDON

With halting step and slow,  
Benumbed by sin,  
I sought the vital Glow  
Thy shrine within—  
Sensing the healing flow:  
My flesh akin  
To Thine Who, here below  
On Cross, didst win  
My soul; Who, breathing low,  
Made wafer thin  
Thy Flesh to be.

With guilt-bent head, I 'knel  
Before thee—God  
Who took our flesh. I felt  
Thy quick, sharp rod:  
Its purifying welt  
Did sting this clod  
Of clay, and swiftly pelt  
Me. So Thy nod,  
Constrainingly, did melt  
Me, and I trod  
The way with Thee.

about him. And in his brain rang the words of the *Warnford's* mate, spoken no more than ten minutes ago. "I doubt if any of us could have kept through the night, sir" he had said, "if you hadn't come up as you did."

Abruptly he looked up from her tear-filled eyes, his own searching among the rescued men. Searching, searching. . .

"But where's Geor—Captain Denman?"

"He, he stayed by the ship . . . too long," she answered, in a voice so low and choked that he could barely hear her amid the roar of wind and sea.

"Oh, Bob, Bob! He was so—so splendid . . . in the fire . . . and afterwards, when we knew she was sinking . . . He wanted me to go in the first boat, but I—I couldn't leave him. You see—I think he *knew*."

"Knew *what*?" cried Robert Aitcheson, startled, incredulous—and awed.

"That—that I didn't . . . I couldn't love him any more . . . And that he'd spoiled all our lives . . . He wouldn't leave her, at the last . . . I—I think he *wanted* to die."

"Good God!"

It was neither exclamation nor oath, but a prayer—for the spirit of his rival and his friend.



# Woman to Woman



By KATHERINE BURTON

## OLD ST. PETER'S

• A SHORT time ago the *New York Sun* printed a very attractive map which had been prepared especially for visitors to the World's Fair this coming spring. It was a comprehensive affair, even to the historic places of interest—until one noticed that while the map makers put down Trinity Church and Saint Paul's Chapel and the First Presbyterian Church and the John Street Methodist Church, they did not put down Saint Peter's Church on Barclay Street. Yet it was the first Catholic church in New York, built in 1785, four years before Washington's inauguration. The place where he took the oath of office, points out the *Catholic News* in commenting on the omission, is still within the limits of the present parish of Saint Peter's.

Such an omission is not deliberate, but one would think some Catholic would have noted the fact before it was printed.

## DISCOVERING WHAT THE YOUNGSTERS THINK

• NOTHING so interestingly shows the mind of a child and the way he watches what is going on in the world about him, usually no doubt through what he hears older people saying, than the children's poll, for both boys and girls, held recently by the Boys' Athletic League of New York City. From the answers one learns that the banana is by far the favorite fruit and that both like spinach best as a vegetable, a fact I find a bit hard to credit, unless it is that children don't like vegetables much anyway and have heard so much about spinach that they automatically say it. The favorite meat of both was turkey; both sexes of course prefer swing music; and blue is the favorite color of both.

Almost fifty thousand children answered the questionnaire, and they ranged in age from six to sixteen; they were in the income brackets of from nine hundred to three thousand a year. It was on the question of who is the most loved and who the most hated man in the world today that the most interesting answers came. By an overwhelming vote Hitler won the title of most hated, Mussolini came in second, and, of all things, the Devil won third place! Far down the list, with only a scattered vote, came Franco, which shows that the pro-Loyalists are noisy rather than numerous or more children would have given him a hate vote.

But most interesting of all was the vote for best-loved man. President Roosevelt won that and God was second on the list, with Abraham Lincoln third! It is a very important fact that Roosevelt should come first in the children's hearts. It shows their parents speak well of him, and that the class to which they belong, the small-salaried people, feel he is their friend. That God should have second place is something worth considering too. It shows there must be a good bit of religion still around the town when so many children of our materialistic age feel that God must come close to the top as best loved. It is a very touching thing for

these children to feel that Roosevelt is the material being who has helped their families, and yet to have so many feel that even though the most loved "man" was the question, God ought to come in somewhere, just as the Devil ought to get in as most hated "man."

## SOME LOOSE THINKING

Yet I find in the *World Telegram* an indignant letter from a woman who is shocked and can't believe her eyes on reading the poll. It made her think of Russia where they say there is no God, and she thought that it seems unlike a civilized Christian country like ours where "everybody is trying to find peace with different ones advocating special church services hoping that a closer walk with God may avert war." What, she asks, if God should get angry at playing second?

Of all the tangled thinking this is about the worst I have met for some time. Somehow I feel much more hope for the future in the fact that a good share of fifty thousand children know the virtue of gratitude toward the head of a government, and that—in our irreligious age—many felt that even though the word was man, God ought to be there and so they put Him in. To me it was heartening, and not nearly so disheartening as the grown-up letter of anger at their vote.

## COMMENT FROM HEYWOOD BROWN

• FROM, of all places, the column of Heywood Brown comes a story deeply Catholic. Perhaps his Catholic wife is responsible for his feeling, but of course it is mostly the deep humanitarianism in so many of our men and women that makes it easier to lead them to the Faith if once they will admit there is a way. Mr. Brown was down in San Antonio, and was going to see the slums there in company with a Father Tranche, who warned him it was dangerous to go with him as he had received many threats because he was known to favor the housing project there. They made the rounds of what the visitor claimed were the most fearful slums he had ever seen, mostly homes of Mexicans. Later they went to the Spanish mission, made no doubt, the visitor reflected, by the hands of the ancestors of some of those who were now being told they could leave if they didn't like their accommodations. The priest told him, too, about letters from people who were fighting Federal housing because it would cut their rents, and showed him an anonymous letter which read, "I could start a story that there is a priest who writes love letters to young girls and gives jewels to women in his congregation."

Mr. Brown, aghast, asked if it didn't worry him, but the priest shook his head. No, that didn't worry him, but the fact that thirty-nine people, mostly children, had been buried from his church alone that month—that was different. "I am worried," he said simply, "about people starving to death."

# THE SIGN-POST

## QUESTIONS \* ANSWERS \* LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

### Languages of Mass: Communion in Both Species: Books of Missal

(1) Which are the seven languages in which Mass is celebrated? (2) Are there any churches in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia in which Holy Communion is distributed under both species? (3) Which are the four books of which the Roman Missal is composed? When were they compiled in one and by whom?—M. G., READING, PA.

(1) Our Sunday Visitor a couple of years ago asked in a contest; "In how many languages is the Mass celebrated?" There were so many different answers that it was necessary to seek a solution from the Sacred Congregation of the Oriental Church in Rome. The Congregation replied that Mass is celebrated in nine languages by priests in union with the Holy See, viz., Latin, Greek, Slavonic, Armenian, Arabic, Rumanian, Coptic, Gheez (Ethiopian), and Syriac.

(2) There is a Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church of the Nativity B.V.M., in your town. This Rite, we are informed by Donald Attwater (*The Catholic Eastern Churches*) distributes Holy Communion in both species. The Ukrainian Greek Catholic Diocese, which embraces all the Ukrainian Catholics in the United States, is a separate jurisdiction. A complete list of the churches in Pennsylvania may be found in *The Catholic Directory*.

(3) The Roman Missal was first compiled in a uniform edition under Pope St. Pius V in 1570. It was based upon the sacramentary, the antiphony (gradual), the lectionaries (from the Bible) and the ordo (manner of performing the rites). (*Catholic Encyclopedia*).

### Blessing Food on Holy Saturday

Why do we not have the blessing of the Easter food on Holy Saturday in this country the way they have it in the Polish, Russian and Ukrainian Churches? These people still follow the custom here. They also have twelve different dishes of which they eat a little on Christmas Eve, which I believe represents the twelve apostles. The head of the house says grace before the meal and gives each person a piece of bread representing the Host with fish and a glass of wine. It is very interesting to observe these customs.—M. E., BRONX, N. Y.

The Roman Ritual contains forms for the blessing of homes and food on Holy Saturday. The first is to ask the blessing of God on the homes of Catholics, in imitation of the signing of the homes of the Hebrews in Egypt with the blood of the paschal lamb, which by God's order saved them from the destroying angel.

Food, especially the paschal lamb, is blessed on Holy Saturday in memory of the same type of Christ the Saviour and as a sign of joy over the end of the Lenten fast. These forms are not generally used in this country due, perhaps, to the prevailing atmosphere which is certainly not Catholic. The twelve-item meal on Christmas Eve is interesting but we hope that its observance doesn't violate an uninteresting condition—the fast and abstinence decreed for the day.

### Half-Mast Flags for Cardinal Hayes

Why was the American flag ordered to be put at half-mast through the city when Cardinal Hayes died? I have been told that the flag should be half-mast on public buildings only when a person in a government position dies.—J. W. M., JAMAICA, N. Y.

The U. S. Army Information Service of N. Y. City informs us, "the courtesy shown the late Cardinal Hayes was not prescribed in accordance with existing Army Regulations. However, because of the position he held during the World War and for the services he rendered both at home and abroad the courtesy was believed due him."

### Standing Saying Angelus

Why is it that we stand to recite the Angelus from Saturday evening to Sunday evening? I have asked many priests about this and they do not know any reason for it except that it is the custom.—SCRANTON, PA.

Pope Benedict XIV on April 20, 1742, decreed that the Angelus should be recited standing on Saturday evening and all of Sunday. The *Regina Coeli* is recited instead of the Angelus during Paschaltide and in a standing position, because Paschaltide is a time of spiritual joy. We suggest that by analogy the Angelus is recited standing on Sunday (which liturgically begins at vespers on Saturday) because it is a day of spiritual joy. A question of graver moment is, why is the Angelus generally neglected by the faithful in this country?

### Dispensation from Abstinence on Legal Holidays

Did not the Holy Father in 1932 rule that Catholics could eat meat on all legal holidays? Some people here have never heard of it.—R. S., WASHINGTON, D. C.

In October 1931 the Apostolic Delegate at Washington sent to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States a letter informing them that the Sacred Con-



gregation of the Council, under date of October 15, 1931, informed him that in view of the difficulties experienced by the faithful in observing the laws of fast and abstinence on civil holidays, His Holiness Pius XI in an audience on October 5, 1931, granted to all the Ordinaries of the United States for five years the faculty to dispense their subjects from the laws in question, whenever any of the civil holidays now observed occurs on a day of fast or abstinence. The Ordinaries, in using this faculty, are to inform the faithful of this indulgence and to exhort them to make some offering especially in favor of the poor.

From the tenor of the above it is clear that the Ordinaries are to invoke this dispensation, that it applies only to Catholics in the United States, and that it must have been renewed to cover the present year.

### Conversion of Jews at End of World

*What if any reason is there for saying that the Jews will eventually be converted before the world comes to an end?—J. T., BOSTON, MASS.*

One of the "signs" which will mark the end of the world is the conversion of the Jews. The basis of this opinion is found especially in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Chap. XI, verses 15 to 36. The Apostle teaches that "blindness in part has happened in Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles should come in, and so all Israel should be saved, as it is written: There shall come out of Zion he that shall deliver and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." This prophecy does not necessarily mean that every Jew will be converted, but so many that the whole people will be considered converted. (See *The End of the World and of Man* by Fr. Lanslots, O. S. B.)

### God and Physical Suffering

*Please explain how the existence of suffering and especially eternal suffering in Hell is not opposed to the goodness and justice of God. A friend asks how can God be merciful, when He allows so many people to be born diseased, crippled, imbeciles, etc.—N. N.*

God is certainly good—goodness itself—and if He permits physical evils to exist it is because He can draw greater good from them in the end. "God wills or permits all physical evils whereby we are afflicted in this mortal life, either as a punishment of sin, or to bring back sinners to Himself, or to prove the just and make them worthy of everlasting reward, or because He knows of some greater good which will result from them." (*Catholic Catechism*, Gasparri). Each one of these is a good reason. Joseph suffered because he was sold by his wicked brothers and carried into Egypt, but through God's Providence he became the saviour of his family and people (Gen. 45). Tobias lost his sight when the hot dung of a bird fell on his eyes while sleeping, but this affliction was the occasion of God's showing him special mercy through the Archangel Raphael and he became like Job, who was afflicted even more severely, an example of patience and good cheer in suffering (Job 2:12). Lazarus was the personal friend of Jesus. When he was dying his sisters asked Our Lord to save him. But Jesus delayed to save his life, that He might later raise him from the dead (John II).

Many good things would be lacking in this world if all physical suffering ceased, such as patience in the sick, and charity in those who care for them. As men are constituted, many virtues would not be practiced,

or practiced in a high degree, except through trial and suffering.

These thoughts may appeal to the reason but may not affect the heart. The great answer to the problem of suffering is the Passion of Christ. He was the "well-beloved of the Father," yet He willingly suffered the most excruciating pains that through them He might pay the penalty due to God's justice for our sins, and that we might be saved. It behooved Christ to suffer that He might enter into His glory. All those who desire to follow Christ must suffer also. Christ's teaching and example in this matter is the solution of the problem of suffering. When we suffer with Christ, our pains do not vanish, but our attitude towards them undergoes a change. By bearing them in patience and after the example of Our Lord, they become for us the means of closer union with Christ here and eternal happiness hereafter, for "if we suffer with Him we shall be glorified with Him."

God is so good that He *gratuitously* offers us everlasting happiness in Heaven, if we desire it, but if we refuse to correspond and defy God by sin and resist His grace to the last, we willingly forfeit this opportunity and choose to be eternally punished. We give up the hope of worshipping God's goodness and choose to glorify His justice. Only those are condemned to Hell who deserve it. Sinners are bad because God is good.

### Are Jews Still Chosen People?

*The Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart formulated by our Holy Father remarks that the Jews were "once the Chosen People." This seems to imply that they are no longer the Chosen People of God?—B. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

God did choose the Jewish race to be the source from which the Messiah would come. To that end He became their protector and lawgiver in a very special manner. Their history with all its vicissitudes pointed always to the coming of the Messiah, but when He did come they rejected Him. Their rejection of the Messiah was the occasion of the Gentiles receiving the Gospel and the faith of Christ. If there are any "Chosen People" now they are the believers in Christ, especially Catholics, for they have the whole truth of the Gospel. Though God has cast off Israel because of their unbelief, their rejection is not final, as the above quotation from the Epistle to the Romans shows. Nor should the Gentiles rejoice over their supplanting of the Jews, as St. Paul so emphatically teaches in the same Epistle.

### Twilight Sleep: Bacon Drippings: Children and Abstinence

*(1) Is it against the rule of the Catholic Church to give "twilight sleep" during childbirth? My Catholic friends tell me that it is so. In this case would a Catholic do wrong to use "twilight sleep" if her physician advises it? (2) May bacon drippings be used in cooking on Friday and other days of abstinence? (3) At what age are children obliged to abstain from flesh meat?—CLEVELAND, O.*

(1) Fr. Bonnar in his book *The Catholic Doctor*, p. 81, has the following note on "twilight sleep." It is "a light anesthesia produced by the administration of morphine and scopolamine and has now been generally abandoned in the conduct of labor on account of the danger to mother and child. It would be morally permissible if such danger were eliminated." A competent physician

informs us, "the method has largely fallen into disuse, as it prolongs the labor and increases the risk to the infant." The constant supervision of a capable physician and nurse are required. So far as we know there is no explicit decision by the Church concerning this matter.

(2) The law of abstinence forbids the eating of flesh meat and meat soup, but not eggs, milk foods and condiments from the fat of animals (Canon 1250). Lard, butter, and grease (drippings) from roasted meat may be used in preparing food on abstinence days.

(3) The obligation of observing abstinence begins to bind on the completion of the seventh year.

### Red Bombings of Open Towns

*With a view to submitting to a non-Catholic friend the list of Loyalist bombings in Nationalist Spain, I would like to have the source of the list which appears in "Categorica" of your December 1938 issue.—N. N.*

The list of Red bombings of open towns in Nationalist Spain was clipped from *The Catholic Times* of London, which gave the E. I. A. News Service as the source. We are not sure of the full name of the latter, but from the fact that the very same figures were used by the Duke of Alba, London representative of the Nationalists, in a note to the British Government, we feel certain that the figures are correct. According to a dispatch under date of December 24th from George Barnard, N.C.W.C. correspondent in London, who told the story of the Duke's representation in full, the figures listed in *THE SIGN* were gathered by Nationalist Aerial Forces. Naturally the Nationalists would be the ones to know and to list the number of indefensible "Loyalist" bombings and their victims in General Franco's Spain. Barnard's complete dispatch appears in *The Brooklyn Tablet* of January 7, 1939, last page. It is well to keep this list of Red bombings of open towns in mind, when sympathizers of the "Loyalists" bring up the charge that the Nationalists bomb open towns, especially women and children. The number of Red raids and victims is greater than that of the Nationalists.

### Prayer and Natural Laws: Prayer for Victory: Secular Press and Catholic Persecutions

*(1) If it is true that God rarely interferes with the working of natural laws, of what value are the frequent prayers that God will send rain for crops? (2) Two armies are opposed in warfare. Each side with its leaders prays to God for victory. Of what value are the prayers of all concerned? (3) Give some clear-cut reasons why the secular press was "muzzled" in regard to Catholic persecutions in Spain, Mexico, etc.—C. M. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

(1) Prayer to God made with due dispositions is always worthwhile, even though no result that can be seen and measured follows, for prayer is an act of religion which honors God and benefits the soul. When God answers prayers which ask for temporal benefits, such as rain for crops, He does not interfere with natural laws but *directs* them to the benefit of those who pray. As St. Thomas says, "our prayers are not ordained to the changing of divine dispositions, but rather that by our prayers we may obtain what God is disposed to grant." The Church has special prayers for God's blessing on crops and many other things of like nature. The laws of nature are subject to the Lord of nature.

(2) Two countries warring against each other could

not be objectively justified, but they could both be at fault, as in many domestic disputes. If, however, one country is justified in waging war, its opponent could not be justified, for two contraries cannot be true at the same time. It is hardly to be expected that God will grant victory in answer to the prayers of the country at fault, though He might allow even a country with no just cause to triumph for a time.

(3) No better "clear-cut" reason for the attitude towards Catholic persecutions taken by the secular press of the world can be offered than that mentioned by Pope Pius XI in his *Encyclical on Atheistic Communism*, n. 18: "A third powerful factor in the diffusion of Communism is the conspiracy of silence on the part of a large section of the non-Catholic press of the world. We say conspiracy because it is otherwise impossible to explain how a press, usually so eager to exploit even the little daily incidents of life, has been able to remain silent for so long about the horrors perpetrated in Russia, in Mexico, and even in a great part of Spain; and that it should have relatively so little to say concerning a world organization as vast as Russian Communism. This silence is due in part to short-sighted political policy, and is favored by various occult forces, which for a long time have been working for the overthrow of the Christian Social Order." This indictment offers a solid clue to the reasons why the secular press in general has been unfair to Catholic persecutions and most voluble and active with regard to anything that affects the Jews. If there was any "muzzling" in this matter, it was practically self-imposed. How the press of this country has dealt with the Spanish War is well illustrated by Dr. Code in his pamphlet, *Spanish War and Lying Propaganda*, (Paulist Press, five cents, net).

### Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament

*Can you tell me if there is any booklet or pamphlet issued on Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament? To me it is the most soul-satisfying service we have in the Catholic Church, but I cannot find any information about its history.—E. H., CAMPELLO, MASS.*

A short account of the institution of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament may be found in Msgr. Sullivan's *Externals of the Catholic Church*, page 265. *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. II, pp. 465-6, carries a longer article by Fr. Thurston, S. J. The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., publishes two pamphlets on the subject, one by G. Bampfield and the other by Fr. De Zulueta, S. J.

### Embalming

*Why does the Church allow the modern method of embalming. Isn't it a desecration of the human body? —B. K., STAMFORD, N. Y.*

The Church does not forbid the embalming of corpses, provided real death has certainly taken place. Embalmers are obliged to have the clear assurance of a physician before they may proceed. There is no desecration of the human body in the process. A decision of the Holy Office in 1897 directed that a severed limb should, if possible, be buried in consecrated ground. "The Church appears to wish the whole of the human remains to be given decent burial, and methods of embalming should be discovered that will safeguard the blood, or the blood should be collected in a vessel and buried with the body." (Davis, *Moral and Pastoral Theology*, Vol. II, p. 196).

# Letters

• **LETTERS** should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

## BISHOP O'GARA, C.P., EXPRESSES THANKS

### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Since the fall of Hankow and the cutting of direct communications with the sea, mail from America has been slow in reaching the interior of Hunan. It is only now, through your letter, that I have learned of the splendid response made to THE SIGN's appeal on behalf of the Chinese refugees. Though this acknowledgment may be long in finding its way to your desk, I should like to thank you one and all from the heart for the Christlike charity you have shown to our afflicted people in their hour of agony and of woe.

For many months a steady stream of war victims has been pouring into our Vicariate. These refugees constitute an army of impoverished, homeless and dispirited human beings who are fleeing from the horrors of a war in whose origin they have had no voice whatsoever. Their number is legion; obviously we cannot succor all. But we are striving to the utmost limit of our resources, both financial and physical, to reach out to the greatest number possible.

Since the beginning of last August, some 1200 destitute have passed through our refugee camps; many more have been given temporary help; thousands have received medical treatment in our dispensaries. As I write, about 600 are lodged more or less permanently in our camps and are being supported by daily alms. Besides this the Vicariate has established and equipped two emergency hospitals for the care of the refugee sick. The upkeep of these hospitals, salaries of doctors, nurses and attendants is being met by the aid of your timely donations.

In these works of urgent charity no religious line is drawn. Catholics, Protestants, Buddhists, Mohammedans have found equal hospitality within our shelters. For the great majority it is their first contact with the missionaries and the Catholic Church. Many have profited by their close proximity to the mission to attend services in the church, to hear religious instruction, to assist at Mass and by numerous questions to inform themselves on the doctrines of our holy Faith.

Infant mortality amongst the refugees is naturally very high and hence the number of baptisms administered has been great; not a few have had matrimonial tangles unravelled by the missionary and so have gone on their way with lighter hearts; others have ended their weary journey in our temporary hospitals, finding at long last peace of soul in the cleansing waters of holy baptism.

We are surrounded by poverty, sickness and desolation. The cry for help is incessant. Our refugee camps are besieged and have waiting lists that run into the hundreds. Rice, vegetables, salt and oil—the staples of the Hunanese diet—are scarce and prices are steadily rising. The depth of suffering has not yet been plumbed;

this will come in mid-winter when fuel will be at a premium and its cost prohibitive.

As the forces of the invader penetrate the eastern confines of our province and drive on relentlessly towards the provincial capital, Changsha, an evacuation of the occupied and threatened areas is now in progress that daily swells the multitude of refugees quartered in our territory. We have frequent air-raid alarms when all public offices, schools and shops close down immediately and everyone flees to the surrounding countryside leaving the city deserted. Chihkiang, a city in our Vicariate where two missionaries and five Sisters of St. Joseph are stationed, has been bombed several times; the hospital there caring for some of the wounded. It is quite probable that the mountains of Western Hunan will re-echo before spring the thunder of big guns.

The Passionist enterprise in China has encountered perils by epidemic, perils by famine, perils by bandits and perils by Communists; all these through the mercy of God we have overcome. Dark days now lie ahead of us. We shall meet them, as we have met the dangers in the past, with confidence. We are trustful that your fervent prayers and your generous financial help will not fail us in this, the most serious crisis that we have faced since the inception of our undertaking eighteen years ago.

YUANLING, HUNAN.

✠CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.,  
VICAR APOSTOLIC.

## "LITTLE CHURCH AROUND CORNER"

### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Relative to the question in your January 1939 issue, page 363, from an inquirer in Allston, Mass., as to whether a Catholic and a non-Catholic could be married before a Catholic priest in the Church of the Transfiguration in New York City, known as "The Little Church Around the Corner."

You answered the inquiry as made in the negative, but I was wondering if there wasn't a slight misunderstanding. There happens to be a Catholic Church of the Transfiguration in Mott Street in Chinatown, New York City, and when I lived downtown years ago I often attended Mass there. Further, if I'm not mistaken, Frankie Crosetti, shortstop of the Yankees, was married in this Catholic church last fall, during or after the World's Series. There happens to be a large population of Italians and Americans of Italian descent in the neighborhood.

BRONX, N. Y.

CHARLES D. HOWARD.

*Editor's Note:* The church referred to in the inquiry was the Protestant church of the Transfiguration at 5 East 29th Street.

## AN AID TO ROMAN PRONUNCIATION

### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Priests, Sisters and others who have had the task of drilling boys in the Latin of the Mass, will welcome any method which facilitates this work and gives it uniformity.

I believe the Roman pronunciation should be insisted upon. For as a separate living language sponsored by the Catholic Church it prevailed from the sixth to the tenth century, unmixed with any of the double-sounded vowels of earlier and later times, and untouched by any of the later vernacular values given to certain vowels and consonants.

After exhaustive research, having corroborated my



findings through extensive consultation with Latin scholars and authorities, notably Monsignor Antonio Bacci of the Vatican, I offer this model of the Mass-Latin in its most practical aspects, as a contribution toward desired uniformity.

Mechanically this recording is extraordinarily clear. Whether used with or without the special booklet, *The Altar Boys' Self-Teaching Mass Book*, this recording of the Latin Versicles and responses of the Mass for altar boys will be found extremely practical not only for new, prospective altar boys, but even more so for the older ones who have grown careless.

SACRED HEART RECTORY,      REV. WILLIAM W. GUNN.  
GROTON, MASS.

*Editor's Note:* Father Gunn's excellent phonograph record is \$1.50; his booklet, 50 cents.

### FR. CONSIDINE'S PAMPHLETS AVAILABLE

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your January issue, under the heading of "More Considerine Books," you mention our little booklet *Delight in the Lord*. You state that the work appears to be out of print but we should like to inform you that we have plenty of copies in stock and shall be pleased to receive orders for the same. This little booklet has a remarkable sale and we think it deserves appreciation.

LONDON, ENGLAND. BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE LTD.

### PLIGHT OF THE LANDLORDS

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I take exception to your statement "Certainly, in our opinion, vigorous action should be taken against landlords who refuse to 'clean up and make safe the dwellings they rent to others,'" in your Editor's Note in answer to "Luminous," our South Boston friend.

In behalf of property owners, that is old-law property owners, I can earnestly say that they would alter and improve their tenements if—first—funds were available to do so and secondly if a just return were made on the investment. Before the social workers became so prominent in the affairs of this city there were 60,000 so-called "slum dwellings," 10,000 of these were demolished and 5,000 altered. The majority of those who own these buildings are not rich, and work as you and I to maintain their family and home. The life's savings which are invested in the property do not offer any dividends and would yield more had they been deposited in a savings bank to draw interest and then not be saddled with the worry and care of maintaining the house to comply with the ridiculous laws of social up-lifters trying to gain prominence to benefit their own ends. The greatest mistake is to think that a property owner is a wealthy man.

A solution to the problem can be had if the government will loan money for alterations on a long-term basis. This will assure the tenants a more desirable place to live at a slight increase of rent, approximately one or two dollars per month, this to pay the interest charge and amortize the mortgage during the term. The now proposed and erected public houses by the government are of no aid to the poor class for which the laws were enacted. I wish for your own enlightenment you could study the reference form that has to be filled out before gaining entrance to one of these buildings. The old-law tenements house those earning up

to \$25 a week, the public housing projects are for those earning from \$30 to a little above \$40 a week. If this agitation continues against tenements, more will be demolished causing an acute shortage of apartments, which is already showing signs. The rate of assessment will rise because of less income to the city and consequently more owners will have to give up and lose everything. Banks will not loan money to the owners of this class of property and private capital will not loan money unless they receive 6% and the mortgage paid up in five years. You can imagine the increase of rent that would have to be charged to assure payment of this loan in five years.

I wish that more people could understand the plight of the landlord and not cause class friction between landlords and tenants.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JOHN E. DESEL.

### WANTS CATHOLIC DAILIES

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May not "a cat look at a king?" I am prompted to congratulations on the January Current Fact, entitled: "Catholic Daily Again." It was perhaps the most thought-provoking item in the January issue. Why? Simply because of the emergency that today threatens Americans and American Catholics. We might liken it to an "undeclared war"—an emergency of which the public are hardly if at all aware, because their newspapers do not print "all the news that's fit to print." Communism, incompatible though it is with either Americanism or Catholicism, has taken hold. It has happened here! Surely though slowly, the "public" is accepting a vogue that is suicidal—to wit, ambitions, motives, methods unworthy of patriot or churchman. Promiscuous importation of aliens, propaganda in our depots of employment and of education even—all that goes on, and the few voices of timely warning that are raised, cannot count on being quoted faithfully and fully. We need what the Dutch enjoy—newspapers that are at once patriotic and religious. "In God We Trust"—or do we?

There is no shortage of Catholic millionaires in this country. What then is wanting, if not resources for financial backing? Is it discernment? or skilled writers and managers? or it is that there are no millions of Catholic Americans to buy and read "all the news that's fit to print?" Freedom of press is an empty blessing without the press! Ask Congressman Dies or Father Coughlin or Mr. Scanlan! No wonder the Pope has emphasized the influence of the press, for "a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thorn, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions think!" Even Lord Byron realized that!

FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

JAMES MCKENNA.

### HEYWOOD BROWN, APOSTLE OF THE LEFT

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It seems to me that it would be the grossest negligence longer to delay the enlightenment of Mr. Heywood Brown. Quite logically, you may allege, there are many things that Mr. Brown could stand enlightening upon, but I refer specifically to his enlightenment regarding certain facts and policies of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Brown has been a bothersome element both in public affairs and in matters concerning Catholicism for some time. He has stupidly and boorishly elbowed

and pushed his way through labor's business until even some of his most enthusiastic backers are frankly perplexed. To know whether Mr. Broun is serious or whether he is rollicking along in his usual Falstaffian manner is virtually impossible.

Of late, however, even Mr. Broun's nicety of judgment has been as scarce as priests in Russia. He has been casting the spotlight of his omniscient eye upon what he is delighted to call "the shocking and abominable ideas" of the Catholic Church. Mr. Broun vigorously objects to the Church's practice of extending the hand of brotherhood to all, regardless of past transgressions. He takes issue with that doctrine of the Church that has as its principle a purposeful and never-ceasing effort to unite all mankind in Christianity. Mr. Broun has exulted in that he was "lifted spiritually out of the gloom" of a rainy afternoon by a vicious, bigoted attack upon Bishop O'Hara of Atlanta by John Temple Graves, 2nd, who assailed the Bishop because he had extended an invitation to Mr. Hiram Evans, a former Klansman, to attend a Catholic dedicatory ceremony. Mr. Graves is a Southern commentator who writes like an A. P. A. and thinks like a Communist, but Mr. Broun found a peculiar relish in the twisted reasoning of Mr. Graves' article because in it he doubtless recognized an unctuous similarity to his own intolerance of anything Catholic.

Mr. Broun also has rather glibly commented upon the possibilities of freedom of speech as a bulwark against further defection of the Catholic Church. He said, "Obviously, free speech must include a definite responsibility to answer such speeches and slogans as would destroy democracy." These are brave words from a man who lacks the discernment to observe what the Catholic Church has contributed to the advancement of democracy in the South. Mr. Broun is inconceivably ignorant of the fact that there are numerous Catholic missions dedicated to the improvement of the negro's lot scattered throughout the South; and these missions struggle on despite all opposition and bigotry. Even assuming that Mr. Evans, the former head of the Ku Klux Klan, was merely curious when he requested an invitation to the dedication of the cathedral, is it not preferable to demonstrate the sublimity of the Christian principles of forgiveness and tolerance than to liquidate an antagonist the way it would happen under a system well known to Mr. Broun?

Truly Catholicism stands foursquare for democracy and "It Seems to Me" any amplification of the foregoing remarks would strengthen a case that is already too strong for even such an aggressive and active anti-Catholic as Heywood Broun.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JOSEPH L. DOUGLASS.

### ENTHUSIASTIC NEW SUBSCRIBER

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have received my first copy of *THE SIGN* and I want to tell you how pleased I am with its contents. The articles show careful selection and are written in a straightforward, fact-presenting manner. I am sorry I did not hear about your publication sooner, since it is one that belongs in every Catholic home.

I am sure that its articles will help me to understand more clearly the events which are taking place at the present time. *The Sign Post*, the fiction and the other less serious articles greatly add to the excellence of your publication. In closing I sincerely say that I am your subscriber for life, and hope that your excellent work will, in time, be found in every Catholic home.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

CAESAR BELLARDI.

## CATHOLIC TRADE UNIONISTS

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations on the splendid labor articles appearing in *THE SIGN*, more especially the two most recent by Mr. H. A. Frommelt which outline very nearly the work our Association is undertaking.

The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists was formed to foster and spread in the American labor movement sound trade unionism based on Catholic principles; first by bringing to Catholics in particular and to all workers in general a knowledge of those principles; and secondly, by training leaders and supplying an organization to put these principles into practice.

The ACTU, begun here in New York City, now has branch organizations in Boston, Detroit, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, and Bayonne. Each branch has members belonging to the CIO, the A. F. of L., and independent unions. We have established Workers' Schools in each of these cities excepting Bayonne. Those in New York are located at the following places: Fordham University, Woolworth Building; St. Mark's Church in Harlem; and St. Joseph's School hall at Bathgate and Tremont Avenues in the Bronx. Laymen and priests prominent in the labor movement are instructors at these schools. The new term at the latter two schools opened Feb. 7 and the Fordham school Feb. 6. Registration is open to all union members and a fee of 50 cents for each subject covers the full fifteen weeks' course.

We print *The Labor Leader* to spread our doctrines and acquaint others with the truth about labor which they cannot get from the capitalistic-influenced secular press. We also have affiliated with us a group of lawyers.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

VICTOR J. LO PINTO.

### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

A.S., Corning, N.Y.; M.B.M., Louisville, Ky.; O.K.S., Indianapolis, Ind.; A.M.McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.A.K., Pittsfield, Mass.; K.C.M., Norwich, Conn.; A.McC., Boston, Mass.; T.J.N., Boston, Mass.; M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; S.E., Baltimore, Md.; G.F.C.N., Bronx, N.Y.; M.M.P., Bronx, N.Y.; A.McC., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.C.T., Dubuque, Iowa; M.B., Philadelphia, Pa.; M.C., Duluth, Minn.; W.H.S., Akron, O.; L.K., St. Louis, Mo.; S.M.S., Mt. Morris, Mich.

### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Blessed Mother, M.M., Providence, R.I.; St. Therese, M.H.S., Evansville, Ind.; Little Flower of Jesus, A.S., Corning, N.Y.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Blessed Lady, E.M.J.F., Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Francis Xavier, G.C.S., Waltham, Mass.; St. Gabriel, J.E.P., Cincinnati, O.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Blessed Mother, M.N.D., Nazareth, Ky.; Our Dear Lord, M.M., Providence, R.I.; St. Agnes, A.S., Corning, N.Y.; Holy Family, M.D.S., Baltimore, Md.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, A.L.G., Mattoon, Ill.; Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, S.M.S., Mt. Morris, Mich.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, C.L., Pawtucket, R.I.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Immaculate Conception, M.F.McE., Bloomfield, N.J.; Sacred Heart, J.B., Bronx, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, Miraculous Medal, St. Joseph, M.A.M., Collingswood, N.J.; St. Anthony, B.M.B., Baltimore, Md.; Infant Jesus of Prague, A.R.N., Pittsfield, Mass.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, A. and A.S., Corning, N.Y.; M.McC. Brooklyn, N.Y.; E.M.H., East Boston, Mass.; M.C., San Francisco, Calif.; B.V., Kaukauna, Wis.; M.A.P., Medford, Hillside, Mass.; M.R.P., Yonkers, N.Y.; K.K., Bayonne, N.J.; M.McS., Dorchester, Mass.; A.M.D., Atlantic City, N.J.; M.S., Phila., Pa.; M.J.T., W. Phila., Pa.

# CATEGORICA

## THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

### UBIQUITOUS IRISH

• **WE HAVE** been told that the Irish are ubiquitous—and they are that to say the least. The "Irish Digest" quotes the following from Viscount Castlerosse:

There is a man who has always interested me very much, and that is Sir Richard Burton, who translated the *Arabian Nights*, went to Mecca, hypnotized women by his scowling face, and married the primmest woman that ever existed. She was the only thing that he was ever frightened of.

Burton, according to Harold Nicolson, used to tell a strange story which appears in none of his published *Lives*. Burton was on his way to Mecca disguised as a Persian, and in the heart of Arabia the caravan with which he was travelling came across some dancing Dervishes.

The gyrations of one of these fanatics were even more extravagant than the others. Much to Burton's embarrassment this Dervish kept staring him straight in the face, and as the fantasy continued and became more than ever bizarre, danced closer and closer, till eventually the Dervish's robes actually touched Burton.

It was at this moment that the human top muttered with an unmistakable Irish brogue: "*This is the way we do it here!*"

Burton to his dying day had no idea who that man was or why he was there. Of course, if Burton had been discovered and unmasked as an infidel he would have been slaughtered immediately.

### THE "BLACK" TRADE

• **GETTING** money and valuables out of Germany (the black trade it is called) is a dangerous adventure and sometimes humorous business, according to an article entitled "Black Money" in "Harper's":

A special branch of the "black" trade is the transport of valuables of small size, mostly jewels. Many wealthy people, fearing inflation or confiscation, have cautiously bought and stored valuable diamonds and other precious stones. The demand in Germany for large stones of good quality is so great that prices are quoted from 30 to 40 per cent higher than in the international market.

The quick ingenuity of an amateur smuggler once amusingly changed an almost frustrated plan into complete success. The man had arranged to meet a cousin of his from Czechoslovakia in the *Riesengebirge* (Giant Mountains) which then still divided the two countries, the frontier line running over the mountain ridge. Small *Bauden* (mountain inns) are everywhere on both sides, only a few yards away from what used to be the border.

Because the German had no valid passport, he arranged to meet his Czechoslovak cousin on the German side, where he was to give the latter a handful of valuable gems. But when the two met in mid-winter, the frontier guards only a few days before had caught a man carrying jewels in the hollow of his ski-stock—and the cousin had got cold feet.

The place between the two inns, then separating the Czechoslovak *Wiesenbaude* and the German *Schlesierbaude*, was thick with the green-uniformed officials, watching the sports traffic and closely examining every person.

"I won't carry the stuff on me," the cousin said. "It's too dangerous now."

Both of them retired to their respective inns, and the German pensively watched the sports going on on the snow-clad hills—gay people skiing, tobogganing, and fighting merry snowball battles.

The next day he arranged a snowball fight between his cousin and a few pretty girls, the white missiles flying across the border right under the eyes of some of the watchful *Grenzer*. A few balls even hit the customs officers, who graciously accepted the apologies of the gay party. Now and then the German called out, "Catch!"

Thus the stones were "thrown out of the country." Sewed in white cloth, forming the kernel of the snowballs, they flew right into the hands of the Czechoslovak cousin on the other side.

### DISCOVERING WHAT PEOPLE THINK

• **SOME** remarkable answers are received and data discovered by the investigators of Dr. George H. Gallup of the American Institute of Public Opinion. From "The Human Yardstick" by Williston Rich in the "Saturday Evening Post":

Some of the answers are astonishing. A Utah miner said he disliked Hoover for being born "with a silver tooth in his mouth."

A former sand hog in New York said, "I'm all off Roosevelt because I'm developing heart trouble on this WPA job. I'm used to good hard sand-hog work under pressure, and this WPA work is too easy."

To the question, "Do you think that insane persons and habitual criminals should be sterilized?" a woman in Seattle answered, "Yes, I'm in favor of everybody's using soap."

A canvasser with a strong Maine accent was surveying part of South Carolina about automobiles. "Do you own a car?" he asked a farmer.

"Sho do."

"What make?"

"Jersey. Gives good milk too."

Seventy-five per cent of the voters believe in life after death—one old fellow said that he didn't know, but he'd soon find out.

Forty per cent dislike swing music, but 10 per cent don't know what it is.

Seventy per cent want the distribution of birth-control literature made legal.

Sixty per cent would like to have the Duke and Duchess of Windsor settle here permanently.

The same number wouldn't make a round trip to Europe by plane, even if it was a free ride.

Eighty-nine per cent favor Government old-age pensions for the needy.



Fifty per cent believe Tom Mooney guilty, but nearly everybody wanted him pardoned.

Sixty-six per cent wouldn't vote for a woman for President.

The same number want sit-down strikes made illegal.

Seventy-seven per cent blame Germany for starting the World War and are opposed to giving back her colonies.

Nearly everybody thinks America should stay out of the next European war.

Thirty-two per cent can't swim.

And hardly five per cent agree on the same cause of the Depression.

### EXTRINSIC VALUE

• *ASSOCIATION with the great gives a value of its own. From the always interesting "Facts and Fancies" in the "Catholic Fireside":*

An American journal recently reported that a Toronto auctioneer, getting a bid of only one dollar for a bath stool at a sale of furnishings in Government House, announced that the Duke of Windsor had once sat on it, whereupon the bidding at once advanced to two dollars and fifty cents.

This is not surprising when we reflect on the truth of the old rhyme:

A little piece of orange peel,  
The stump of a cigar,  
When trodden by a princely heel,  
How beautiful they are!

Even the wise and great Sir Walter Scott was not proof against this sort of snobbery, for once, after dining with the Prince Regent, he managed to "pinch" the Prince's glass and secrete it in the pocket of his tailcoat. Alas, for the noble souvenir! A few moments later, Sir Walter forgot all about what his pockets contained and sat down on the glass.

### MODEL AIRPLANES

• *"THE New York Times' Magazine" supplies some interesting information on a new and unique industry:*

One of the most curious wireless messages ever sent out by a ship at sea was received in New York recently from the master of the liner *Nieuw Amsterdam*. Four miles off Sandy Hook on a voyage to Rio de Janeiro the ship reported that a gasoline-powered model airplane had crashed into its foremast and fallen to the deck.

Though the pigmy plane was only slightly damaged, its crack-up is believed to be the most spectacular in the annals of modern airplaning. Cities regulate the sport to such an extent that model planes seldom strike buildings; and the government prohibits the flying of gas-powered models in any part of the country unless the owner has received a license from the National Aeronautic Association, which does not issue full licenses to anyone under sixteen.

Two million followers of the sport of model airplaning in the United States have built it into a \$2,500,000 industry. Half this number are members of model plane clubs. Many are small boys who start with inexpensive rubber-powered models and work up to the gas models. Among the older members are some who have never been up in a plane, who even admit their fear of flying, but who fly vicariously with their models. A few of the builders are serious students of aeronautical engineering.

International competition in the sport has been increasingly keen since 1927, when Lord Wakefield of England established a trophy which has come to be regarded as symbolic of the world championship. Teams from the United States won the Wakefield Trophy for the fourth time last year. The 1939 contest will take place in this country.

### IS BORSOOK BERSERK?

• *BENJAMIN DE CASSERES in the "New York Journal and American" has a laugh at the lucubrations of a university professor:*

"The evil that men do lives after them," said Marc Antony over the corpse of Caesar.

"We are going to make an end of all that," says Dr. Henry Borsook, professor of biochemistry at the California Institute of Technology.

He says that within 100 years "neurologists will be able to control evil"—just as you say "Whoa!" to a horse.

Here's the way the "evil" in us will size up in 2039 or so—according to the professor.

"We will know that too much pyruvic acid has accumulated in his thalamic cells, or that there is no co-carboxylase operating in his thalamus. We will be able to tell that he did not grow enough association neurones descending from his cortex, so that now he does not deliver enough acetylcholine to his mid-brain."

After that's fixed up we'll all be like *Snow White*.

Personally, I prefer the simplicity of Old Adam in us before the advent of abracadabra—which is highbrow for baloney.

### BATTLING SKUNK

• *THE following is taken from a learned treatise on the ways of the skunk in peace and war by Alan Devoe in the "American Mercury":*

The moment when Mephitis (skunk in the vernacular), lumbering placidly along a country lane, is confronted for the first time by a hostile farmhouse mongrel, is the moment when he achieves the full expression of his skunkhood. . . .

Tranquilly now, with neither fear nor malice, he eyes that obstructive mongrel in his path. So great is his reluctance to mar the peaceful tenor of his evening that he stands for a moment quite still, hopeful that the din of barking will presently subside and the barker take his leave. Instead the dog advances in a growling rush, confident of intimidating this small and clumsy adversary. It is a serious error to have made. Very slowly Mephitis lowers his furry striped head, delicately arches his back, and with grave earnestness thumps his forefeet on the ground. It is not a loud or terrifying sound, this little pattering staccato, but it is the traditional skunk-way of uttering a warning. Thus wild wood-folk understand it perfectly, and respond to it as quickly as to a rattler's whirr, but the dog does not. He is far removed from his wolf ancestors and his woods-lore has grown rusty. He sees Mephitis' gesture as only a silly antic, a symptom of nervous fear, and he growls with greater menace and makes another charge.

Not yet does Mephitis respond to the war challenge. There is a prescribed skunk ritual for such times as this, and Mephitis undertakes to follow its pattern scrupulously. Standing stock still, he stares straight before him with unwinking eyes, and very slowly he shakes his head from side to side. It is an odd gesture—a fanciful naturalist might almost read it as a very

rueful one. It is Part Two of the three-part warning.

Still the uncomprehending dog gives no heed, and the time has come for the third and final caution. Gracefully Mephitis lifts his broad-plumed tail. He raises it straight over his striped back, and the drooping white tip is gradually erected. Only for an instant longer does he hesitate, then abruptly wheels and presents his rear to the dog. His strong little back arches in a sudden convulsive movement. A thin jet of liquid glimmers phosphorescently in the Summer dusk.

As far as a rod from where Mephitis stands, the trees and grass are spattered by a burning spray. An acrid choking odor, ammoniac and penetrating, saturates earth and leaves, and drifts on the air for hundreds of yards around. Chipmunks scurry deeper in their crannies in the old stone walls to escape the suffocating fumes, the wood-mice scamper in panic, and a hundred furred and winged night wanderers flee blindly from the deadly musk. From far away there reach Mephitis' listening ears the agonized yelpings of a running dog, who never again is likely to trifle with a skunk. His hide has been drenched by the sulphide that scientists call *mercaptan*, and the fiery spray has entered his eyes and been inhaled into his lungs. For a day or two, at least, he will be totally blind. For it is not merely a stench which Mephitis creates. His spray is a poisonous acid. It burns. There are tales of Indians who have lost their eyesight from too close a blast. Men have fainted from these noxious fumes. It is Nature's prototype of mustard gas.

### SAD DEFECT!

• **GEORGE WASHINGTON**, as seen through the eyes of a Druse tribesman. From *"In the Steps of St. Paul"* by H. V. Morton:

I met a man on board who told me an extremely good story. He is a distinguished official who had held an administrative position in the Palestine Government. "In the Druse country of the Lebanon," he said, "there are many wild-looking men who will astound you by breaking into a few words of American. Some of these tribesmen actually venture to the States, manage to pick up a little money, and then return to boast about their experiences for the rest of their lives. One Druse is very fond of telling his friends about the United States. And this is what he says while they sit drinking coffee: 'Now, the country of the United States is a very great country and full of men and motor cars. This nation worships a man called George Washington, who was a great chief. At his birth all the good djinns were present to endow this George Washington with the good things of life. They bent over his cradle and gave him, one by one, their blessing. But one bad djinn gained admittance, and he took away from this George Washington the ability to tell lies. Ever afterwards, O my brothers, this great man, this George Washington, could not help speaking the truth.'"

### THE KING'S ENGLISH

• **FOREIGNERS** have difficulties in understanding English. So have some natives in speaking it. By J. Bernard MacCarthy in *"How Do You Say It?"*

Some years ago I had occasion to travel daily by bus between Windsor and a village called Braywood, England, and used to notice, just outside Clewer, in

the garden of a trim villa, a signboard bearing the following lettering: "W. SMITH, HOUSEBREAKER."

One day our bus chanced to stop at this particular point and a passenger seated next to me, after gazing at the signboard with a puzzled expression, turned his head and remarked: "I am a for-reigner and not all understan'. He does not break into ze 'ouse? No?"

"I'm a foreigner myself," I answered, "but I'll try to explain. A housebreaker is one who feloniously breaks into a house; but Mr. Smith, I believe, is merely informing the public that his business is pulling down houses, taking them to pieces, demolishing them. In Ireland, where language is bigger and better, such a man would call himself a contractor, and his work might range from pulling down a fence to erecting a gate post."

"Ah, I understan'," broke in the foreigner. "This Mistaire Smith no wrong does. He is only a destroyer of the 'oime."

I left it at that. But as I got off the bus at Braywood I heard a workman at the back remark to a chum: "Bill, those bloomin' foreigners never get no real grip of our lingo."

### MONEY IN STAMPS

• **THERE'S** a great amount of money in stamps—if you happen to have the right ones. From *"The Contributors' Club"* in the *"Atlantic"*:

Not long ago I read in the newspaper that a man in New York had sold an unused one-cent United States postage stamp for \$1975. This stamp, said the article, appeared to the ordinary observer to be exactly similar to the one-cent adhesives we have all been using since 1922. Wherein, then, lay the reason for the extraordinary price it had fetched? I looked up the subject in the catalogue and found that whereas Franklin's portrait, uncanceled, was worth only one cent if it had ten perforations, the same stamp with eleven perforations was virtually priceless; or, in other words, that the last-named stamp, though known to exist, was so exceedingly scarce that the cataloguer could put no market value on it. How surprising that the Post Office Department had happened to issue a few copies with eleven perforations. How much more amazing that anyone should have detected the magic number of eleven among the millions of ten-notched one-cent stamps in daily use!

Such philatelic romances are not uncommon. There is the case of the Philadelphia junkman who for a few dollars bought several barrels of discarded papers from a banking house. Sorting them over, he found a score of envelopes with strange-looking stamps, which proved to be the rare St. Louis Postmaster issues of 1845-1847, and these he later sold for more than \$5000. Another delightful experience was that of the Washington man who purchased at his local post office some sheets of the first United States air-mail stamps on the day they were placed on sale, May 13, 1918. The face value of each of these stamps was twenty-four cents, and the design showed a blue airplane in a carmine-rose frame. As he walked from the window the purchaser saw to his astonishment that on one sheet of one hundred stamps the airplane had been printed upside down. Showing this sheet to the clerk, he said he would like to buy some more of similar design. There were no more; the printing was an error, and the postal authorities declared the purchaser must surrender his odd sheet. This he refused to do, and when, shortly afterwards, the Department discovered three more incorrectly printed sheets and destroyed them the lucky owner was able to dispose of his treasure for \$15,000.



# *The* GREAT GIVER

BY M. M. BRENNAN

Illustrated by PAUL KINEAR

FATHER SULLIVAN looked up from the letter he was writing, as Mrs. Mooney, his housekeeper, appeared in the doorway.

"'Goldy'—I mean Mrs. Rogan—wants to see ye, Father. She says it's very important, but she wouldn't tell me what it was." Mrs. Mooney added this last with an aggrieved sniff.

Father Sullivan stifled a smile. Mrs. Mooney was an excellent woman, but she had a large share of feminine curiosity.

"Show her in, Mrs. Mooney," he said. For thirty-eight years he had known this Mrs. Rogan. She sold fruit and vegetables at a little open-air stall in one of Dublin's side streets. When Father Sullivan first became acquainted with her, she was a sturdy, ruddy-faced widow of thirty-five, sitting out by her little stall in all weather that she might earn enough to support herself and her four small children.

At that time her hair still had the color which had earned for her her nickname, and but few women passed without looking a little enviously at the massive golden coils. But that was thirty-eight years ago, and now the head was purest silver above two apple-red cheeks.

The children for whom she had so gallantly and uncomplainingly worked were married and had homes of their own. They had many times tried to persuade her to give up the stall and go to live with one of them. But she firmly refused. She lived alone in one neatly kept room, and never was she missing from her stall.

She had always worked, and now she was too old to learn how to be lazy, she once humorously explained to Father Sullivan. But Father Sullivan well knew that this was but half an explanation. Since her family had become self-supporting, Mrs. Rogan earned more than was required for her own needs, and the surplus went to help others less fortunate than herself. Neighbors short of some of the rent money, neighbors with sick children, homeless beggars drifting aimlessly by her stall, all had her pity and what help she could give.

"The heat of the fire must have made her doze off," he said in a lowered voice



With others, the memory of hard times such as she had endured might have prompted the hoarding of every penny to insure that never again should they suffer the misery of semi-starvation in a fireless room in winter. But with Mrs. Rogan pity for the present sufferings of others drowned all fear of what the future might hold for herself. What could be spared she gave gladly and freely, and rejoiced that she was able to give.

Father Sullivan rose and welcomed her, as she came into the room. Looking at her face, framed in the old gray shawl which covered her head like a hood, he noticed, with something of a shock, that her cheeks, which had always shone so rosy, had the dull look of an old, faded brick. Her eyes, usually so calm and kindly, shone with a feverish light. As he made her sit down by the fire, he touched her wrinkled old hand and almost shivered at the iciness of it.

"I had to see ye, Father," she said apologetically. "Somethin' happened this evenin'—somethin' that—that frightened me."

"You've nothing to be frightened about, Mrs. Rogan," said Father Sullivan, cheerily.

She shook her head. "It's been a queer sort of a day—yes a very, very queer sort of a day."

"These dull heavy days make people feel out of sorts," said Father Sullivan, "but when the weather changes they are as lively as grasshoppers again."

Again Mrs. Rogan shook her head. "It's not the weather, Father. The weather!" She smiled faintly. "For over fifty years, shine, shower and snow, I've been sittin' out in it, an' it's never bothered me. It's not the weather." She looked up at him. "Father, did ye ever hear it said that when people are drownin' all their past life comes streamin' by for them to see?"

**S**HE'S caught a chill, she's feverish, was Father Sullivan's thought. Aloud, he said, "Well, yes, I have heard some such thing."

"D'ye believe it, Father?" she asked, watching him with great questioning eyes.

"I never really bothered thinking about it." He smiled. "I should imagine that question could only be satisfactorily answered by someone who was almost drowned, someone who, at the very last moment, was snatched back to life. As I never—"

"Father, on an' off, all this day, I've been seein' bits of my past life—no, not seein' bits—." She wrinkled her forehead. "It's hard to tell—"

Her face suddenly cleared. "That's it—not seein' bits, but livin' bits. One minute I'd be sittin' there in the street at me stall, then, all of a sudden, I'd skip back through the years. I'd be a little girl talkin' to me mother—an' she dead these forty years, God rest her—or, mebbe I'd be dressin' me own little girl for her First Communion, or, mebbe, it's in the early market buyin' stuff for me stall I'd be. Then, like a flash, I'd be back in the street again, an' somebody askin' me how much was the cabbage, or were the apples good. I was never that way before, Father." Although the fire was hot, she pulled the heavy, gray shawl more closely about her head and shoulders, and shivered.

**T**HAT shiver confirmed Father Sullivan's idea. A chill. Perhaps, she had it for days, and had tried to fight it off, going about as though nothing were the matter. Strong, healthy people often did that; then, too late—

"You should take things easy for a day or two," began Father Sullivan.

"But I'm not sick, Father. Not sick at all. It's just that I feel as if I was in a sort of dream—"

"I'll get Mrs. Mooney to make you a good strong cup of tea, then."

"No, Father. No, thank ye. Now, this thing I wanted to tell ye about. After one of the spells of bein' back—years back—I saw a man comin' along through the crowd. A tall, old man. His clothes were worn an' dusty, an' hung loose on him. His boots were broke in places. He had a tired walk, an' a tired, tired face. There was a faraway look in his eyes, an', though there were people all round him, ye'd think he didn't see one of them. They bumped baskets against him, and pushed him, for it was the busy time at the stalls. He didn't seem to mind, or even to know they were pushin' against him.

"When he came near me, I could see the hollow cheeks of him—hollow and pale. A poor half-starved old man. Nowhere to go. Nobody payin' any more heed to him than if he'd been an old leaf blowin' round the street. Ye couldn't help feelin' sorry for him. When he was passin' by the stall, I caught hold of his hand, and put a—sixpence in it." She paused.

Father Sullivan smiled at her. "I suppose he was surprised."

"He looked at the sixpence, and then he looked at me. For a few seconds he looked at me, then he gave a sort of a tiny, little smile, leaned over the stall, and put his hand on the top of me head—the owl shawl must have slipped down—yes, put his hand on the top of me head, just

the way ye'd put yer hand on the top of a little child's head. He never spoke one word. Just the tiny, little smile, an' the pat on the head, an' off he went, with never a look back. I couldn't get him out of me mind all the rest of the evenin'. When I started for home, I was still thinkin' of him, an' I went into the chapel to say a little prayer for him. It was then that the thing happened." She wrinkled her forehead, and stared at the fire.

"What happened?" asked Father Sullivan, gently, for she looked very tired.

"Ye know that big picture of Our Lord at the pillar just inside the door?"

Father Sullivan nodded.

"Well, when I was finished the prayer, somethin' made me look over that way. There was the picture, an' all the little candles lightin' in front of it."

"It's a very fine picture," said Father Sullivan.

She leaned towards him. "Father, somethin'—somethin' happened while I was lookin' at that picture."

Father Sullivan started, but his voice remained even. "The wavering candlelight often plays tricks. People have told me that, at times, they were almost certain that the eyes in that picture actually moved, but, of course,—"

**S**URE, some people can persuade themselves anything," she said, almost scornfully. "But," her voice slowed and sank, "this—this thing—Father, the face wasn't the face of Him at all."

For a few moments an intense silence seemed to fill the room. A silence which was broken as Father Sullivan moved in his chair.

"Not His face," he said. Yes, her eyes certainly were feverishly bright.

"Not His face," she repeated. She leaned towards him. "The face was the face of the poor old man I gave the sixpence to. It lasted only a couple of seconds, maybe. Then, there was His face again."

When Father Sullivan spoke his voice was very quiet, very gentle. "You told me that while you were at the stall you found your mind slipping back—you saw things which had happened years ago. While those spells lasted, I'm sure you felt that you were actually looking at those long-gone things—"

"Excuse me, Father," she interrupted apologetically. "What happened in the chapel wasn't the same, at all. When I came to meself, I knew the other things were just me poor owl mind wanderin'. But the chapel—it was different. I saw, as plain as

I ever saw anything, the face of that poor oul' man lookin' at me, as he looked when he leaned across the stall, an' laid his hand on me head. An', Father, while he looked down at me, there came into me head the words that I often heard me mother say when she was givin' a little help to some poor soul at the door. She'd always say, 'Them that give to the poor give to God.' I never forgot her words, Father." She nodded her head several times.

"That I know well," said Father Sullivan. "You've never been able to say, 'No', to anyone who asked your help." He cleared his throat. "And now, although I'm not a doctor, I'm going to pretend I am, and give you some doctor's orders. I believe you've caught a chill—something that's made you a trifle feverish. Just you go home, get yourself something hot to drink, pop into bed, and tomorrow we'll talk the whole thing over quietly." He patted her cold hand. "You know how different things seem after a good night's sleep. In the meantime, I think you had better not say anything—" He broke off, for she was smiling faintly, and shaking her head at him.

"I don't blame ye, Father," she said, smiling wistfully. "Sure, if anyone told me the same thing, I'd think just what you're thinkin'. But, Father," her smile faded, "I wasn't dreamin'—I know I wasn't. An' now I think I'll be goin'. I'm sorry for botherin' ye with—"

"Nonsense," he interrupted cheerfully. "You know I'm always glad to see—" he broke off, as there came from the hall the sound of a deep, breezy voice—the voice of his friend, Doctor Daly. The very man, he thought swiftly. If he suggested to Mrs. Rogan that she should see a doctor on the way home, she would merely declare that she had no need of a doctor, but now that his friend had so opportunely chanced along—He laid a hand on her arm, as she started to rise from the chair. "Rest yourself here for another few moments," he said, and bustled out of the room.

Mrs. Mooney, who had been telling the doctor that she hadn't been troubled by her rheumatism for some time, departed towards the kitchen. Father Sullivan hurried forward, and, in a few brief sentences, explained to Doctor Daly that he should like to have him look at Mrs. Rogan. He made no mention of what she had told him of the incident of the picture.

Doctor Daly nodded. "If all the people of this city were as healthy as Mrs. Rogan, we doctors should die of starvation," he chuckled.

"Well, Mrs. Rogan," began Father Sullivan, as they entered the room, "here is—" He stopped, and turned to the doctor. "The heat of the fire must have made her doze off," he said in a lowered voice. "She certainly looked very, very tired when she came in here tonight."

She was leaning back in the big armchair, her old, wrinkled hands resting on her lap, her eyes shut, her mouth slightly open. As they went towards her, the doctor suddenly quickened his step. He bent down, looking at her, took one of her wrists, held it a few seconds, then, releasing it, gently raised one of the eyelids. Straightening up he looked at Father Sullivan. "Dead!" he said simply.

Father Sullivan stared at him incredulously, then at the peaceful, old face. "Why, only a few moments ago—are you—quite sure?"

"Quite."

As Father's Sullivan's lips moved in prayer, the doctor once more stooped over the still figure. An exclamation from him roused Father Sullivan. The doctor had whipped out a pocket torch. Its beam struck the top of the dead woman's head, from which the old, gray shawl had slipped back.

"Look, Father," he said. "Here's an odd thing. Surely—surely, she hasn't been trying to dye her hair." Father Sullivan stared with widening eyes at the spot on which the beam of light fell. Across the top of the head was a patch which shone like an island of gold set in a sea of silver. "Never struck anything like this, before," went on the doctor in a puzzled voice. "See the peculiar shape of the golden patch, Father—for all the world like the imprint of a man's hand."

### Why Worry

The man about to take a train was worried by the station clocks. There was twenty minutes difference between the one in the office and the one in the waiting room. Finally he questioned a porter, who made a careful survey of the two clocks and shook his head doubtfully. Then he brightened suddenly and said:

"It don't make a single bit of difference about them clocks. The train goes at four-ten, no matter what."

*From "Fireside Flashes" in the "Catholic Fireside"*

### Meet Me There

And there's the one about a preacher who amazed his congregation one Sunday morning with this announcement:

"You don't love me, because you don't pay my salary. You don't love one another, for there are no weddings. And God doesn't seem to want you, because nobody dies."

"Now since I have the honor to have been appointed chaplain for the penitentiary, this will be my last Sunday among you, and I will ask the choir to stand and sing, 'Meet Me There'."

*Dan Sowers in the "American Legion Magazine"*

### "As I Was Saying . . ."

Mr. De Valera was arrested at Ennis, Co. Clare, by Free State troops.

A year after his arrest, De Valera returned to speak at Ennis. He began: "As I was saying when I was interrupted . . ."

*From the "Irish Digest"*

### Cautious Reporter

A cub reporter had been warned of the dangers of libel, and on his first assignment—covering a reception—he took no chances, as witness: "A woman giving the name of Mrs. J. C. Jones, who is reported to be one of the society leaders in this section, is said to have given what purported to be a reception yesterday afternoon. It is understood that a considerable number of so-called guests, reported to be ladies notorious in society circles, were present, and some of them are quoted as saying they enjoyed the occasion. It is charged that the firm Bivins and Spivins furnished the refreshments and Stringham the alleged music. The hostess is said to have worn a necklace of alleged pearls which she declares were given to her by her reputed husband."

*From "Kablegram"*

### Partners in Profit

A large printing equipment manufacturing company—the Webendorfer-Wills Company—recently sold out to the American Type Founders. John F. Webendorfer and his son laid down two conditions of the sale. One was that every one of the 115 employees in the concern be retained by the new owners; the other was that of the one million dollar sale price, a quarter of a million dollars be distributed among the employees. John Webendorfer explained the action thus:

"What could I have done without these men? They were responsible for the success of my business, and it is only fair that they should share the profits."

A good text, that, for business to meditate, what?

*From "The Liguorian"*

# BOOKS

## Gods of the Gentiles

by GEORGE C. RING, S.J., A.M., S.T.D.

This book is a history of the pre-Christian religions that most powerfully influenced the ancient civilizations with which we are familiar, and which dominated the world of their day. The Jewish religion, however, is not considered. The author's treatment is strictly scientific and based on extensive historical research. His purpose is to present a purely objective account colored by no subjective views and with no apologetic purpose.

The religions discussed are those of the Assyro-Babylonians, the Persians, the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans, and there is a concluding chapter on religion in general and the study of religion. Each section of the book begins with a short and comprehensive account of the people whose religion is to be discussed.

The early political structure of the Tigris-Euphrates valley from which the Assyro-Babylonian empires developed was small city states. Each of these had its own proper "god" and subordinate deities. By a nationalizing process some of these local gods passed from the status of protectors of small districts to that of patrons of the whole valley. No one of them ever reached the position of being the one chief god. In the cult of these gods and in the attributes ascribed to them nature worship can be seen as the underlying principle. Worship of the Assyro-Babylonian gods centred around sacrifices of sheep and of other animals.

The Persis of India and the Gabars in Iran are living sources of our knowledge of the old Persian religion. The written sources, besides the Greek and Roman classics, are the sacred books of ancient Iran, the Avesta. Dualism is the characteristic note of the Persian religion. Zoroaster is the great prophet and reformer of Persia, but the evidence of his existence and of his contributions to the so-called Zoroastrian religion is far from clear and is mixed up inextricably with myths.

Sir Flinders Petrie divides the an-

## Buying Books

We call the attention of our readers to a recent change in postal regulations in regard to the mailing of books. As formerly noted in these columns, any book noticed here or any other book you wish may be bought through THE SIGN. Instead of 10% of the cost of a book for postage, we ask our readers to add only 5¢ for postage for any book.

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cient Egyptian civilization into three cultures in the first of which religious worship was totemism. The second culture was characterized by worship of the god of fertility, Osiris, a compromise with the animals venerated in the earlier culture. The third culture produced a religion in which gods of earth, air and sky, and especially a sun god, Ra, were worshipped. Of no other of Egypt's beliefs have we such adequate information as of her belief in the hereafter.

The Aegean culture which antedated and was supplanted by the Hellenic included the worship of the goddess of fertility, sacrifices, both human and animal, and belief in the hereafter.

The author's discussion of the religions of the Greeks and Romans is thorough and well ordered. He ex-

plains in detail the relative importance of all the gods, the worship offered them, the myths concerning them, etc. Each phase of this subject is treated clearly and adequately.

The final chapter on religion in general is a good summary of the conclusions to be drawn from all the religious facts presented.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$3.50.

## A Guide to Catholic Action

Edited by JOHN FITZSIMONS  
and PAUL MCGUIRE

After finding out just what is Catholic Action, "The chief question which intrigues people in those countries where Catholic Action is not yet in full vigor is, 'What is happening in those countries where Catholic Action flourishes; what do they do?'"

The present book is a symposium by authoritative writers whose chief concern is to answer this question. First of all, to round out the symposium, there are three essays of an inspirational and explanatory type treating of Catholic Action and the Mystical Body; Catholic Action and the Liturgy; Catholic Action and the Priest. These essays comprise the theoretical part of the book.

The editors now take up the main purpose of the work, which is, "to take a bird's-eye view of the work of the Church throughout the world, and see how the members of the body are functioning, what they are doing, how and why they are doing it." There follows a thirty-two page sketch of the main outlines of Catholic Action throughout the various countries of the world. Then come three detailed studies on the growth and development of Catholic Action in Italy, in Belgium and in France, a separate paper being devoted to each country. The reader is impressed with the point the editors made that, "though many things will differ from country to country according to race, temperament and nation, yet there are certain elements which are common to all, and there are lessons to be learned from all."

In the light of this wealth of experience, Mr. McGuire (readers of

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THE SIGN, as well as those who are hearing him lecture on Catholic Action will remember his splendid qualifications) adds another paper on Formation Technique. His discourse is simple, direct and eminently practicable. He stresses the point that "the elaborated organization, the machinery of Catholic Action, must be provided as the need for it arises: but the need is not likely to arise until there has been a period of formation, of spiritual, intellectual and social growth." As a guide to Catholic Action, this essay is the most practical one in the symposium. An appendix on Catholic Action in schools and colleges, with a detailed program for carrying it out, completes this valuable book.

As Msgr. Civaroli's Manual still remains an ideal book on the theory of Catholic Action, so now we have a book deserving to rank beside it as a complementary volume on the practice of Catholic Action. It is our hope and prayer the book will be widely read.

Sheed and Ward, New York. \$2.00.

## In Divers Manners

by R. H. J. STEUART, S.J.

The greatest difficulty of the Catholic writer is to avoid repetitious monotony. Like the preacher, he speaks of truths which are known and believed by all Catholics, and he is hard put to it to present "the oldest truths in the newest kinds of ways." The teaching of Christ remains immutably the same, but it can and should be set forth with all the ingenious creativeness of which the human mind is capable.

*In Divers Manners* is an excellent example of the "creative-thought" type of Catholic literature. The author deals with the same eternal truths of God, Christ, Faith, etc., but ruminates on these articles of Faith in a novel manner and so turns out a work which is refreshingly original. The book is shot through with provocative thoughts, and reveals a keen intellect playing upon the common beliefs of our Faith and evoking new and stimulating religious ideas.

It is always a kind of bathos for a reviewer to praise a work and then proceed to point out flaws in its fabric. But the critic must be impartial. Fr. Steuart is a gifted writer, but uses at times an annoyingly ponderous Johnsonian style which forces the reader to check some passages many times to get the drift of his thought. The fault is due not so much to the abstruseness of his thought as to his peculiar mannerisms of expression. This is unfor-

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tunate because the book is decidedly not a run-of-the-mill product. The work as a whole merits the attention of the Catholic reading public.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.00.

## A Puritan in Babylon

by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

The idea of the story of the Sphinx of Massachusetts by the Sage of Kansas is intriguing. William Allen White was commissioned by *Collier's* to write a series of articles on Calvin Coolidge and out of this commission came Mr. White's great interest in the man Coolidge.

It is a rather unexpected Cal Coolidge that the pages of this book unfold. Most people knew Coolidge as the shy, sensitive, silent Yankee who rode to national fame on the wings of the police strike in Boston. What most of us will be surprised to learn in this biography is that the ex-President had a strong humorous and sentimental strain in his make-up. It is difficult to believe that this shrewd, calculating Vermonter had room for sentiment and humor in his life—but the fact is borne out by incidents related by the author.

The great motivating powers in the career of Coolidge were his ambition for power, a sense of personal destiny ruled over by a benign Providence and a firm belief in the right of vested property. A singular paradox in the story of this parsimonious son of Vermont is that he had little desire to accumulate riches. In his early political life he refused several lucrative positions because they would sidetrack him from his goal of power and fame.

Calvin Coolidge had an uncanny sense of the political moods of the people. In all his campaigns he lost only one election. He was ever alert to do favors for anyone who could further his ambitions. Step by step these favors began to pay dividends politically until he was brought to the attention of the Republican leaders in Massachusetts. The quiet, unobtrusive, hard-working Representative from Northampton steadily climbed the political ladder in his State until he became Lieutenant Governor and then Governor.

His rise to the Vice-Presidency and the Presidency followed the same pattern. The gods of good fortune continued to smile and his terms of office were passed during the years when the country was riding the crest of the waves of prosperity. His refusal to run for the third term was caused, according to the belief of many, by his foresight of the end of the era of national prosperity.

The present book is more than a life of Calvin Coolidge. It is an interpretation of an era in American political life. The author brings to this work his years of practice in analyzing persons and things. The shrewdness and clearness of thought that gained for him the name of "Sage of Kansas" are evident throughout the book.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3.50.

## Poets at Prayer

by SISTER MARY JAMES POWER, S.S.N.D.

The analytical study of the religious attitudes of fourteen distinguished contemporary poets in the English language makes *Poets at Prayer* a captivating book. Notwithstanding the title, do not expect to find all the subjects on their knees. The reader will find everything from the agnosticism of John Hall Wheelock and the Grecian paganism of Edna St. Vincent Millay to the inspiring faith of Thomas S. Jones, Jr. and the ringing orthodoxy of Alfred Noyes.

The author, head of the English Department in the school conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, at Malden, Massachusetts, has divided the poets into three groups—those who do not acknowledge a personal God, those who are seeking faith, and those who have a definite creed. Deism, fatalism, stoicism, paganism and agnosticism have their representatives in Robinson Jeffers, John Masefield, Elinor Wylie, Edna St. Vincent Millay and John Hall Wheelock. The leisurely seekers, the seers of an apocalyptic fraternity, the singers of a vague spiritual rapture, the lovers of the God of a strong and beautiful earthly creation have their spokesmen in Edward Arlington Robinson, Edwin Markham, Vachel Lindsay and Robert P. Tristram Coffin, respectively. Faith is given an exultant voice in Alfred Noyes, T. S. Eliot, Charles Williams, Anna Hempstead Branch and Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

One of the most interesting conclusions to be drawn from the study of the pagan poets is that they are not content to doubt or deny, but find it necessary to be *preoccupied* with such negative things as doubts and denials. They always seem to be watching God out of the corners of their eyes. Even the atheists among them witness to God by denying Him.

Strangely enough, the author has chosen chiefly Anglo-Catholics to sing of faith. I think the term "neo-Catholic," which she applies to Williams and Eliot is somewhat on the

dangerous side. That she did not choose singers of the household to stand with Alfred Noyes seems to be the only regrettable feature of an intriguing study. But that might not have been within her purpose.

Not the least important material in the book are the letters clarifying their religious viewpoints, which the author received from the majority of the poets studied.

Sheed & Ward, N. Y. \$3.00.

## A Layman's Christian Year

by ERNEST OLDMEADOW

A pleasant adventure is this—being guided through the Church Year under the direction of a layman who knows well how to explain and interpret the landmarks along the way. It is a pleasant adventure and a profitable one. As the author pauses at the various feasts and key-Sundays of the year, his reflections are drawn sometimes from the history of the day, at others from the traditions associated with it, or again from some contemporary event which brings its meaning into clearer light. For the most part, however, they are based on the liturgical significance of the occasion and excerpts from the Mass of the day.

Mr. Oldmeadow is not content with mere pious reflections that soothe the sentimental, but shows the practical significance of feasts and of the prayers the Church has assigned to them. He brings home the true concept that our Christian feasts are meant not only to remind us of some historic fact or religious truth but to urge us to be better Christians and to help us attain that goal.

Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London. \$3.00.

## The Happiness of Father Happé

by CECILY HALLECK

The well-known English Catholic novelist, Cecily Halleck, has given us a little volume describing the effect produced by a joyful Christian soul on a remote English village. Shag Harbor is a thoroughly English community but its counterpart may be found in many a small town in our own land. We have our Communists, too, our intelligentsia, our efficient social workers, our children, but as yet no one has dropped a Father Happé into their midst and watched what happened.

As has been frequently noted, most Catholic literature veers off from humor. As a result, modern fiction and poetry frequently tend to be stilted, lacking in spiritual Vitamin

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D and suffering from a bad case of anaemia. The late and lamented G. K. Chesterton utilized humor for what it is worth and a man who lived long before him, Blessed Jordan of Saxony, a Dominican friar, did the same.

Father Happé and Blessed Jordan have much in common. They are wise men—at peace with God and themselves. Naturally this peace gives rise to an exuberant joy. In Father Happé's case this often got him into difficulties and many in Shag Harbor considered him a curiosity and even a dangerous sort of person to be abroad. Those who read this collection of twelve short sketches on Father Savinius Happé, a Franciscan friar who was also an authority on Etruscan civilization and beetles, will have the signal pleasure of relaxing with a piece of Catholic writing that gets its message across in the best possible way.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. \$1.50.

## The Windsor Tapestry

by COMPTON MACKENZIE

Satire has ceased to be the common weapon of criticism it once was. In this much-controverted book, it is used with a devastating effectiveness worthy of its golden age. The author makes a sensational accusation of injustice done Edward the Eighth politically, ecclesiastically and journalistically, in his abdication, and sets out to write a thesis of justification.

The book is closed with impressions somewhat divided. On the one hand there is the conviction that Edward has been seen in a new light, one considerably different from that in which he was made to appear during the unfortunate crisis. It is felt that a strong case has been presented to show that a monarch, too democratic in the eyes of selfish ultra-conservatists, was sacrificed upon the altar of a public opinion craftily gauged and deftly constructed.

On the other hand it appears that on critical points the author has argued for his hero with a logic that is more chivalrous than Aristotelian. Edward is shown as a rare representative of the kingly line, a courageous friend of his less fortunate subjects. To this assent is readily given, but when Mr. Mackenzie points out as illustration of that courage the admission of the ex-king that he could not continue to govern without the support of the woman he loved, it is difficult to follow his reasoning. Courage is associated with overcoming weakness, not with admitting it, especially when that weakness is the coveting of another man's wife. Again, Edward is set forth as the one man on the clouded political horizon of Europe capable of bringing peace to suffering humanity. Suffering humanity complained that by exchanging his throne for a single heart, the king had forgotten many. Perhaps some human tribunal may hold that such forgetfulness is nowise forbidden, but at a higher tribunal the king stands convicted. He seemed to forget, during the days of his friendship for Mrs. Simpson, that the heart of his choice was a forbidden heart, before the legal functioning of man gave him the dubious right to call it his own.

The reader will find much to admire in this spirited defense of the present Duke of Windsor. The book is unquestionably the literary spearhead of the whole counter-attack being made upon the critics of a perhaps too discredited abdicator. The royal tapestry woven is picturesque and colorful.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$3.75.

## A Peculiar Treasure

by EDNA FERBER

With this volume, Edna Ferber makes her debut in the field of autobiography. She has been to date, a very successful journalist, novelist, and dramatist. Her new venture is stamped with all the verve and versatility of her previous writings. The

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public has acclaimed her, until now, and it is left to one's individual judgment to rate that sort of acclaim in this present work.

*A Peculiar Treasure* embodies personal memoirs, observations on men and things, philosophical reflections, religious issues, and above all, an *Apologia* for the Jews. While Miss Ferber's reminiscences are intensely interesting, the most intriguing aspects of the book are the constant reiteration, to the point of redundancy, of the fact that she is a Jewess, and an ever-recurrent diatribe against Hitler, the Germans, and all oppressors of the Jews. This constant stressing of the Jewish point of view makes one suspect that this is propaganda as much as autobiography.

Miss Ferber's views on religion call for extended comment, particularly in one instance. A book review is not the place for polemics. But when an autobiography turns into a religious tract, for however brief a time, and becomes offensive, the critic cannot withhold comment.

On page 61 of the first edition, Miss Ferber commits a crime against scholarship by venturing upon a subject in which she fails to qualify. After having scored once more against Hitler, she takes time out to attack the use of crucifixes in Catholic churches. It is necessary to quote at some length. She says:

"I have never heard a satisfactory answer to the riddle of the world's attitude toward the Jew. I remember my *shock of horror* when, having been taken to an early morning Mass by the hired girl Sarah, in Ottumwa, I looked upon my first sight of agony and bloodshed—a church statue of the crucifixion. I have wondered many times since just how deep and widespread an effect in later life this same experience has had upon hundreds of millions of children."

Then she turns psychiatrist, and muses upon the direful effects of this experience upon the child mind. Suddenly the novelist in her comes to the fore and she conjures up the scene of an impressionable child before a "picture or a statue" of "a man's nude figure drawn and distorted in agony . . . The child's face is a mask of fascinated revulsion.

"What is that?"

"That is our Lord Jesus Christ."

"What is the matter with him?"

Why is he like that?"

"He is nailed to the cross. He died for you and me."

"Who nailed him?"

"The Jews."

"This thing has gone on for hundreds of years. The fact that Jesus



was tried by Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor, and sentenced by law according to the court proceeding of that day, and that he was crucified by Roman soldiers is *universally ignored* . . . The life and death of this Jew, distorted through the centuries, have deeply affected the life and death of millions of Jews, and will until the *historical truth* is generally accepted." (Italics reviewer's)

This is mis-statement and misconception! Miss Ferber has unconsciously committed a *faux pas* of the kind which is tolerated by publishers but not by scholarship. She simply does not understand the issue at all. We would not accuse Miss Ferber of requiring that we cease to be Christians in order to prove our sympathy with the persecuted Jews. The Cross and the crucifix are symbols of the fundamental belief of Christians. The Catholic Church does not keep them before the faithful to commemorate the fact that the Jews crucified Christ, but rather to remind Christians that it was their own sin that was ultimately responsible for His death. The crucifix in Catholic churches has no anti-Semitic purpose. It may be called a *non-Semitic* symbol, but it is definitely not an *anti-Semitic* symbol. Miss Ferber must have confused the two ideas.

Further, we might say incidentally that for every Jew whose life and death have been affected by the career of Christ, there have been many more Christians whose life and death have been affected in a comparable way.

Edna Ferber's "shock of horror" which she experienced as a child with reference to the crucifix was responsible to the fact which explains her present reactions. She was

not informed. The Catholic child does not experience a "fascinated revulsion" at sight of the cross; to him it is the image of the kindly Christ who laid down His life for His friends.

Before going to press, Miss Ferber might have prudently asked a Catholic friend if this critique of hers about the crucifix were true. She might even have questioned a Catholic child. The answers would have amazed her.

It is pathetic that Miss Ferber, who is unquestionably one of our foremost American writers, should have nodded in this instance. Otherwise, her autobiography is a most interesting volume, replete with all the *élan* and literary finish which we expected from the author of *So Big*, *Show Boat*, and *Cimarron*.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$3.00.

## Recusant Poets

by LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

We who live in such parlous times may indeed be grateful that more and more attention is being given to so gloriously militant a chapter in the history of the Church as that filled with the challenging names of Thomas More, Edmund Campion, Robert Southwell and others too numerous to mention here.

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The author has told us that "forgotten names are many here, and familiar names few." Her choice inevitably was based mainly on the Catholicity of the sentiments expressed, but she calls our attention to the broad and gracious bounds of Christian verities and Christian ideals in the right conduct of life. She has, therefore, included lines of personal compliment and even love poems.

The combination of the poems and the biographical sketches serves to throw unusual light on certain aspects of the times, bringing out into stronger relief, than could any mere historical account, the personal thoughts and feelings of the Catholics who suffered so grievously during the Protestant Revolt.

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## At Your Ease in the Catholic Church

by **MARY PERKINS**

One is in a quandary how to classify this book. The title would convey the idea that it is a kind of Emily Post book of etiquette for Catholics, telling them when to kneel, to stand or sit, what to wear, how much to offer the priest, etc. It is more than that. It might be called *Informal Chats on Catholic Miscellanea*, for it covers a wide field.

The author writes in a friendly, informal manner, but knows how to

sprinkle salt and sometimes a pinch of pepper over her text. Her allusions are fresh and striking. The reader will pick up many good suggestions, not only for the improvement of his own faith and piety, but also for his relations to non-Catholics. Unfortunately, Miss Perkins is not an entirely reliable guide when it comes to positive ecclesiastical law and casuistry. There are a few positive errors of law and several inaccuracies of statement. Theologians will be surprised to learn that "it is a venial sin if you miss any of the Mass on Sunday or a Day of Obligation through your own fault." (p. 99). Teachers of Moral Theology are agreed, it seems, that the gravity of the sin is determined on the part (or parts) of Mass omitted culpably. As instances of the author's inaccuracy in quoting the law, the following are given: "In the United States you are bound to abstain on Fridays throughout the year, except on Holy Days of Obligation (p. 127). Canon 1252, n. 4, adds, except on Holy Days "outside Lent." Incidentally, this is the common law. She says (p. 166), "when you pray for the intentions of the Holy Father, as a condition for gaining an indulgence, any prayers may be said." Yes, provided specific prayers have not been enjoined (Canon 934, n. 1), as, for instance, six Paters, Aves and Glorias for the Portiuncula Indulgence. On p. 171 she implies that "a priest" may give permission to read books on the Index. Canons 1402 and 1403, n. 1, appear to limit such permission to the Holy See and the Ordinary. Her advice in regard to the observance of abstinence from flesh meat when dining out is substantially correct, but it would be more reassuring were she to invoke the authority of recognized casuists and to stress a little more the principles involved. This reviewer suggests that, if a second edition is brought out, the author should call in a skilled theologian or canonist and save an intriguing book from offending, even unintentionally.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.00.

## A Catechism of Birth Control

by "J. F. N."

The author in his Preface says: "In this Catechism we subject the whole artificial birth control theory to a careful analysis from the viewpoints of both reason and faith, of personal, domestic and national well-being." It is quite a thorough analysis, the effect of which on readers free from personal bias should be one of severest condemnation of this unnatural vice. A great deal of the book

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is made up of telling quotations from persons in a position to know the effects of this practice. They show that in every sphere of life—physical, domestic, economic, social and religious, birth control (more accurately *artificial contraception*) is a terrible evil which is sapping the foundations of Christian society. It is a book to be recommended, for it puts the case against contraception in a handy and effective form.

Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 144  
 paper; 50¢ cloth; \$8.00 per 100.

## Why the Cross?

by **EDWARD LEEN, C. S. Sp.**

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sadness and that He offers more than spiritual consolation to His followers. Christ was happy in a supreme degree and also enjoyed the highest kind of pleasure. All this He offers men. This is an unusual way in which to regard Our Lord, but it is one which needs to be stressed in these days when so many false and even pernicious theories of life abound.

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### SHORTER NOTES

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The Holy Mass and the Sacraments are therefore the best means we have to express our love and devotion to Christ and His Sacred Passion, because Christ Himself gave them to us, and expressly bade us use them. It is the way He ordained that His Sacrifice be perpetuated, and the fruits of His saving Passion be applied to our souls.

And here is the point to keep well fixed in our mind: going to Mass when commanded and receiving the Sacraments when we are obliged, do not prove that we are really and truly devoted to Christ and His Sacred Passion. But it is the frequent, fervent and proper participation in the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and the frequent and worthy reception of the Sacraments, that will bring Christ Crucified into our daily lives so that we can truthfully say with the Apostle, "I live, now not I: But Christ liveth in me." Gal. 2:19.

All the members of the Archconfraternity are hereby reminded to read frequently and carefully, and to strive earnestly to observe what their *Rule of Life* recommends for assisting at Mass and the reception of the Sacraments. In this manner you will spend the holy season of Lent with Jesus Crucified and His Sorrowful Mother, you will practice penance, easily shun vice, follow virtue, and your Easter will be a foretaste of the resurrection of the just.

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### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1939

Masses Said.....	12
Masses Heard.....	35,315
Holy Communions.....	26,494
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	42,229
Spiritual Communions.....	44,755
Benediction Services.....	1,733
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	49,798
Stations of the Cross.....	13,917
Visits to the Crucifix.....	16,935
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	5,898
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	96,072
Visits to Our Lady.....	25,412
Rosaries.....	48,563
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	3,922
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	1,709,823
Hours of Study, Reading.....	29,202
Hours of Labor.....	55,693
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	28,629
Acts of Zeal.....	60,125
Prayers, Devotions.....	598,914
Hours of Silence.....	20,300
Various Works.....	77,872
Holy Hours.....	181

## Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Eccles. 7:37)

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